THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIII. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 44 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1857. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 36.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

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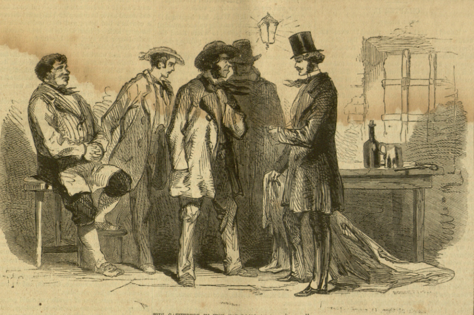

THE GATHERING IN THE TAP-ROOM OF THE "SACK."

CHAPTER I.

London! A cold, stormy night at the close of December. A dense fog enveloped the city and the river. There was no moon, and the long ranges of lamps in the streets scarcely radiated light thirty feet around their centers. Carriages, wagons, omnibusses, vehicles of all sorts, moved slowly and cautiously, for the fog, mingled with the night, added to which were the wild winds that found their way into the crevices between the glass and the frame-work of the lanterns, and flared them almost out, made the streets of London as dark as the streets of Karnac and Luxor of ancient Egypt.

This was the night upon which our story opens. At intervals—an unusual sight at this season of the year—a dull glare of lightning, from what quarter of the heavens no man could tell, as the murky gloom was all around and over head, gleamed through this black fog, and shed a fearful, and, as it were, a deeper gloom over the city. No one walked the streets who could remain within; and the carriages and vehicles, unable to be guided by their drivers through the thronged thoroughfares, sought, by narrow side streets, and lanes, and unused alleys, to escape from the great channels of travel; for all over London every few squares were entangled, amid great uproar, noise and confusion, inextricable knots of horsemen, hackney-coaches, cabriolets, carts, drays and wagons, causing as great and fearful scenes of conflict and struggling of masses against masses, as if the city were taken by storm, and the citizens were resisting, at every point, the progress of their dreadful foe.

It was a night long to be remembered in London, not only for its supernatural darkness, but for the number of those who perished in these cimmerian battles for right of way. Not less than thirty dead corpses were taken from beneath wagon wheels that night of horrors, and conveyed to the "morgue" of the police.

If the strange darkness had not kept the people housed, the terrible storm of wind and rain that swept through the streets, especially along those near the Thames, would have deterred every one who could continue under shelter to keep in doors. By ten o'clock, two hours after night, the streets were therefore nearly deserted, and only the pillowless, the roofless, the guilty, the robber, and the policemen were abroad.

"A black night, this," said one of the policemen to his fellow of the beat, as they met at the corner of the Strand and a dark alley that opened into it.

"A black night you may well call it! Lon'non looks as if the sky had fallen down and covered us all up. It will go hard on the river with 'em!"

"Yes—what with the fog and the pitch darkness, the craft will be sinking one another by the score!"

At this moment a man, passing swiftly, struck heavily with his left shoulder against the speaker.

"Beg pardon!" he said, in the tone of a gentleman; "but I could not see you!"

"A man that can't see should move a bit more careful, or he'll break his own head and other people's shoulders," growled the policeman.

The stranger, who was muffled in a cloak, and with his hat slouched, as if to defy both the storm and scrutiny, passed on, and disappeared in the impenetrable gloom ere he had got ten feet from them.

"A lord, that," said the policeman. "But then he might walk slower."

"Do you know him?" inquired his companion, listening as if he heard some distant sound that demanded his official attention.

"I know only it's an earl they call Lord Inglis."

"The great sporting nobleman! I've heard o' him. What uproar now yonder? There is another lock of wheels, and cursing, and swearing, and whipping! London is run clean stark mad to-night! We must go and help this matter!"

"Please, sir, a ha'penny to buy bread!" said a faint, childish voice, and a small, thin hand was thrust out towards the policeman, as he turned to go in the direction of the noise which filled all the street.

"Bread! It's always bread! Begone, you brat of a beggar, or I will lodge you at the station," was the sharp answer which the ragged little girl received.

No sooner did she receive this reply, and perceive, by the gleam of a lamp just over their heads, that he was a policeman, than she uttered an exclamation of fear, and fled swiftly forward, as if to escape from the arrest she feared, while the two men hastened to grope their way to the scene of the uproar at the corner of the next street.

The little girl ran forward in her fright, not knowing whither she went, until she rushed against a tall man in a cloak, who was going the same way she was flying, and to prevent herself from falling, she caught his coat. He turned and seized her by the arm, saying quickly—

"Are you a pickpocket, hey?"

"It is *so* dark, sir! I couldn't see. Please to forgive me!"

He seemed struck by the soft and musical voice of the child, and said—

"Come forward to this gas-light. Ah, I see! You are young and pale, and as lovely as wretched! You do *not* look like a pickpocket!"

"Indeed I am not, sir!"

"Why did you run, and put your hand in my pocket?"

"I did not mean to, sir. I could not see—and —I should have fallen down. I only tried to hold myself up."

"Why did you run so fast, when it is so dangerous to move in the fog?" he asked, still holding her by the arm, and looking steadily into her face, for its singular beauty, with all its absence of color, amazed him, inasmuch as her dress was ragged, her head bare, her hair wet with rain, and blowing wildly in the wind, and her small, white feet shoeless.

"I was afraid of the two policemen, sir."

"Innocence never runs from policemen, child."

"I asked one of them for a ha'penny, sir, and he spoke gruffly, and frightened me, and said he would lock me up if I begged, and so I ran away as fast as I could!"

"I passed these two men. And why do you beg such a night as this, and ask for ha'pennies, my child?" he asked, kindly.

"Please, sir, I dare not tell!"

"Dare not? Come out of the storm under this arch, and tell me!"

"No, sir," she answered, "I am afraid to tell, and please, sir, let me go!"

"Why do you not ask *me* for a ha'penny before you go?"

"Because, sir—I—I'd rather not! I'm ashamed to ask a gentleman."

"Surely, you are not a poor woman's child, with such a face and such language!"

"I dare not tell, sir! They would keep me in the water-dungeon if I should tell! Please let me go! I am *so* cold and chilly!"

"Poor child! I cannot let you go in this way! I feel a singular interest in you! Take this piece of silver and make me a promise!"

"Yes, sir."

"That you will come at this very arch to-morrow night at this time—you hear that church-clock striking ten!—that is the hour you must be here! Now I have pressing affairs near by; but I must see and know more of you; if, as I guess you are, a poor victim of tyranny, you shall find in me a friend. Will you come, then?"

"I will, sir. You speak so kind, I would go all over London to find you again!"

"Go now, and give this money to those who sent you forth this dreadful night begging."

"They only send me out when it is cold and rainy, sir, because they say people will pity more then, and give me more then for pity's sake!"

"These people—these calculating, wicked ones, are not your parents, child!"

"I've got no father nor mother, sir! These people only keep me."

"And what do they give you?"

"Bread, and ale, and water, and straw to sleep on—and I give 'em all I beg."

"And has that sweet face, wandering all over London, asking ha'pence, never before arrested the eye of any kind Christian gentleman? But go! Remember to come again to-morrow night! For I mean to be your good friend. How old are you, my dear child?"

"Thirteen, sir."

"And what is your name?"

"Ida."

"A sweet name, and just suited to your oval face and blue eyes! Do you know the way home?"

"Home!" she repeated, with a stare of surprise.

"You do not know what the word means, I dare say!"

"No, sir."

"Do you know how to get back again where you lodge?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I think so! But it is *so* dark and foggy!"

He scarcely heard these last words, for a blast of wind at the moment roared through the arch, and nearly took them from their feet. When he recovered his position he was alone! the little maiden had disappeared without a word more.

He gathered his cloak about him, and walking rapidly down the archway, said to himself—

"This child called me *kind!* She seemed to trust me, and did not run away from me as she did from those policemen. I am not wholly a devil! I find I have got a heart that beats with humanity, and feels with tenderness! But I must go forward as I am driven. This night decides my destiny for weal or woe! I knew not, till I met this soft-voiced and interesting little barefooted beggar girl, that I had any emotion left. Thank God, my heart is not all *iron—all* iron!"

A man here met him, beneath a lamp which was suspended over a portico entrance opening on the right side of the archway, up a flight of stairs.

"Sir Paul Varney?"

"Yes, my Lord. I did not at the first sight know you. We are well met," said the stranger. "I hardly looked for you to meet your engagement, and accept my challenge, such a night as this."

"Sir Paul, had the skies rained fire instead of water, and the air were dark with the thick breath of pestilence instead of fog, I should have kept such a promise as stands between me and thee!"

The other made no reply, but smiled darkly as he bowed courteously, and yet defiantly, and passed up the stairs: first, however, with a wave of his hand offering the precedence in ascending to the nobleman, who haughtily declined this amenity.

The stairway was broad, of green, variegated marble, and paneled with gold-burnished compartments, within which were niches containing statues of Apollo, Euphrosyne, Thalia, and all of the nine muses. A rose-colored light was softly shed over them from the delicate crimson argand shades of a gorgeous chandelier, suspended at the head of the noble staircase. Upon reaching the landing, Sir Paul Varney, which was the name of the stranger, placed in the hands of a porter, who was dressed in black velvet, and with a bright red mask upon his face, a small silver ticket, with the device of the king of diamonds elegantly engraved upon it. Lord Inglis tossed haughtily a similar ticket of admission to the man, who thereupon rang a silver bell, which stood upon a little round table covered with scarlet cloth, fringed with gold, that stood by his side, and into a little drawer in which he dropped the cards of silver.

At the tinkle of the bell, a pair of green cloth doors before them were thrown open, and the nobleman and baronet passed through, when they were instantly closed behind them, by a servant also dressed in black velvet and with a crimson mask concealing his features. They were now in a lofty domed vestibule, supported by a circular range of doric columns, with bronzed capitals, supporting an architrave of the richest carved work. This vestibule was paved with blue and white marble slabs, and gorgeous as it was with paintings and sculpture, it was but the ante-room of an apartment the splendor of which was without parallel in London. This room was a vast hall, one hundred and eighty feet in length and one hundred in breadth, and seventeen yards high. It was lighted by day from a dome of the richest stained glass, and by night—and at the time these two gentlemen passed into it—by two hundred brilliant jets of gas, blazing in the shape of every graceful flower, supported by bracchia of gold, and of bronze, and of silver, of the most exquisite devices and grace.

The walls were divided into compartments by clusters of arched columns, and the spaces filled by paintings of the most costly and gorgeous description, wherein the purest taste, and the most wonderful richness of color, combined to please the eye and captivate the imagination.

The ceiling was a representation, in fresco and gold, upon an azure sky-tinted ground, of a feast of the gods. The panels between the columns which surrounded this grand chamber of luxury were enriched with paintings from the first periods of England, France, and Italy, and were designed to fascinate the senses, and administer to the emotions of voluptuousness, and often in conception were so free, that even the divinity of genius could not wholly veil their gross licentiousness.

Ranged along the sides of this splendid area were numerous roulette and faro tables, around every one of which save one—and the most conspicuous—were gathered crowds of gentlemen deeply absorbed in play. Others, in parties, were grouped here and there, up and down the vast floor, conversing and smoking; while some, by twos and threes, marched up and down the apartment—the thick, rich, crimson and black carpet giving back no sound to the fall of their feet; some idly lounged on fauteuils, or watched the players. Servants, all dressed in black velvet, here and there silently moved about, carrying sherbet or iced water to such of the guests as desired such refreshment. The voices of the two hundred men who were present caused a constant, monotonous buzz, varied by the sharp flap of a card laid down with emphasis, or the rattle of the roulette ball in the wheel, or the clear ring of silver, and the crisper clink of gold pieces; while, at intervals, a sudden outbreaking voice—either of pleasure or of pain, as bettors won or lost—rose above all; and, at long intervals, was heard a deep oath of disappointment from some desperate loser.

In this superb and glittering arena, under the glittering mask of fashion and style, the darkest passions of the human heart were let loose, and here more victims had perished than fell in the amphitheatre of Rome when Nero presided at the games. The only difference is that at Rome beasts fought and tore men, while here men tear and devour each other!

The entrance of the two gentlemen into the room seemed to create immediate and extraordinary excitement. No sooner were they discovered than those who were promenading stopped full, and those who were seated rose.

Only the moment before their appearance, two young noblemen, who were standing near the door, had been talking together as follows:

"Do you think that Lord Inglis will be here? It must now be past ten o'clock," and he drew out a hunting watch from his pocket and, springing it, looked at the hour.

The other drew from his fob a lady's watch all glittering with a setting of brilliants, and said, yawningly, "Yes; a minute and a quarter behind time."

"We always allow three minutes in Paris, for difference in each man's time," said the owner of the hunting-watch, whose large, blue eyes betrayed his Saxon blood.

"How much was it that Inglis lost in all last night? I was not here you know."

"Somewheres about thirty thousand pounds. But he has been losing enormously every night for a week," answered the blue-eyed lord.

"And all to Varney! Sir Paul is the luckiest man in London! I would as soon cast my money into the Thames as play with him."

"He has won, it is said, every pound of Lord Inglis' fortune but fifty thousand! Inglis is mad to play with him," answered the young lord with the jeweled time-keeper.

"He hopes to win back. And all this he is to stake to-night?" rejoined the other. "So I hear. When he lost his last thousand to Sir Paul Varney he, in a moment of desperation, I am told, charged Sir Paul with foul play?"

"Yes. The cool fellow neither slapped him, nor shot him down, but quietly said, 'My lord, I forgive you. You know not what you say. But I will challenge you to another night's play, and whatever you please to stake I will put up an equal amount to meet it,'" said the other.

"That was fair and frank. And he accepted?"

"Yes; but he said to me afterwards it was all his fortune; and if he lost it he was ruined!"

"Then he ought not to have accepted. He ought to know he will lose it," remarked the young nobleman with the hunting-watch. "If I see one stone, thrown into a well, go to the bottom, I know all stones that follow it will go to the bottom also. Inglis is insane!"

"They say," whispered the one who had the jeweled time-piece, "that Inglis has played this desperate game from night to night at the dictation of spirits!"

"What, Eslington! You do not believe that there is anything in this delusion?"

"No; but Lord Inglis does. You know we are intimate, at least so far as a young man of six-and-twenty can be the confident of a nobleman of forty and more, whose hair is beginning to silver. Spirits, he affirms, have told him that he will repair his fortune by playing with Sir Paul, and that he shall by and by win even the bank."

"He is crazed!"

"Ever since he lost his child in that dreadful way, ten years ago, he has seemed to me a different man. But look! here he comes, and close behind him, too, Sir Paul Varney."

"How can two walk together unless they be agreed?" said the young lord with the lady's watch, smiling and shaking his head. "There'll be no playing, I see."

"Look you, my lord, they do not so much walk in together as that they come in at the same time; for neither seems to regard the other. Let us follow them. See! every man in the room that is not playing is in motion. How pale Inglis looks, and how excited his eyes are!"

"And Varney, cool and self-reliant as he always is. What a wonderful likeness between the two men! Did you ever perceive it?"

"Yes, every one has noticed it who knows them!"

This conversation was broken off by the approach of the friends of the two gentlemen, who, from all sides of the vast room, pressed towards them and surrounded them. Sir Paul Varney proceeded directly to the faro table, which stood apart and conspicuous from the others, and which, having no one near it but the croupier seated in his chair, seemed to await some players more eminent and exclusive than the rest occupying the surrounding tables.

The keeper of the table, on seeing Lord Inglis advance, followed by a score of his noble friends, stood and bowed to him; but when Sir Paul Varney came up with a train of fifty barons, baronets, earls and marquises, he laid his hand upon his heart and did the lowest possible homage of his servile body to the successful player. In the eyes of this keeper of the games the winner at play was a greater person, were he the ostler of Prince Albert, than Prince Albert himself a loser.

After a few minutes the competitors were in their places and the cards laid, and the croupier announced all ready for their play. It was a contest between two men who had for years been bosom friends; who held equally high positions in society; for Sir Paul Varney, though out-ranked by the earl, preceded him in the ancient dignity of his family, and in the distinctions which had been conferred upon the long race of his warlike ancestors from the days of Hengist and Horsa. Proud of his illustrious and ancient descent, Sir Paul had refused from his sovereign both an earldom and a marquisate for his successful diplomacy both in Turkey and in Spain, where he had been sent entrusted with important negotiations. On the other hand, the Earldom of Inglis was a recent creation—that is only, comparatively, of three hundred years date, having been conferred on one of his ancestors, a mayor of York, for giving King James a great entertainment on the occasion of his passing through his ancient city. These old provincial families, with their baronic shields, with their hundred quarterings (crossing every two or three centuries the royal arms themselves), look down at this day as they ever have done upon the new creations of modern times. Sir Paul was, without question, for no man did question it, the handsomest, bravest, most chivalrous, and most talented man in the kingdom. His wealth was inexhaustible, and his social qualities endeared him to his titled friends. Even the prince loved to have him at his right hand at his private table. But Sir Paul had one grievous fault. He was a great player. His passion was *faro!* He neither drank deep, nor was a roue or licentious; but he would play deep. Cards were his passion! He had neither wife, nor (of course) children; and if he sometimes lost money, it would not have been so bad; but he never lost. He always won! whether it were Prince Albert who played with him after dinner, at Windsor Castle, or Mr. Albert Prince, the importer of Windsor Castile Soap, his next neighbor. No man ever won of him!

Now what cannot be done inspires some men with a desire to accomplish. For instance, the open Arctic Sea; the difficulty of the enterprise raises up men whose bold natures difficulties tempt. Such a man was Lord Inglis.

The table which, a few minutes previously, ere Lord Inglis and Sir Paul Varney entered this "Inferno del Oro," as a Spanish prince upon his first visit to it termed it with great truthfulness, had been vacant, was now the most thronged in all that gorgeous hall of pleasure and of sin, where Satan reigns lord of the card-tables. Such a competition as was now on the tapis of the gambling-room had never been witnessed. The players at the other tables suspended their games to crowd about the board where the Goliah and David of their armies were to decide one of the most interesting contests in the history of "play;" a combat, were Hoyle living, this great chronicler of games would have gazed upon with as deep an interest as ever old Froissart watched the battles *a l'outrance* of knights whose spear-heads in royal tournaments sought (for glory) each other's hearts!

Fifty thousand pounds on a side! A quarter of a million of dollars staked at *one* cast of the die! It is not to be wondered at that this fashionable resort was thronged this night, wild, stormy and dark as it was abroad, with the leading gamblers, shall we not say, and truthfully, with the titled gamblers of London! for shall we disguise the truth that the nobility of the realm of England are really the princes and kings of her gambling halls. Poor men cannot frequent such gorgeous palaces of avarice and of passion. The rich parvenues have gained their gold too hardly at the mart to cast it away upon a die! But lords of the realm came by their guineas by inheritance; the sons and daughters of the nobles toil not, neither do they spin, and never having gained their gold by the sweat of their brow, they part with it with the light laugh upon their lips. It is such who frequent the gaming halls, and who place coolly ten thousand pounds, the rent of one hundred poor tenants, upon a card painted with a red diamond-shaped spot, not worth two farthings. Only Satan, who presides at such tables as coupier *en prince*, could give such fictitious value to a piece of pasteboard. And to-night he fixes upon the single card the value of fifty thousand pounds, and lords and gentlemen bow in homage to his decision. The ace of clubs at his command stands for fifty thousand pounds! Sir Paul admits it. Lord Inglis acknowledges it. The young nobleman with the hunting-watch asseverates, and the younger nobleman with the diamond lady's watch assents to it; and all who surround the table, the greatest gamesters and noblest gentlemen of London, (for only escutcheons of three centuries' date at least are admitted into this "Hell of Gold," as the Spaniard hath it,) recognize the great mystery that the ace of clubs, a piece of pasteboard, three and a half inches long and wo and a half wide, with a black quatrefoil stamped in the center, represents fifty thousand pounds for the time being.

But to our great play! Lord Inglis placed upon the ace of diamonds fifty thousand pounds! It was not in one note, but in five, of ten thousand pounds each. He had that day converted by mortgage and pledges, all he was worth into this sum, on which he promised to meet Sir Paul Varney, hoping to recover the two hundred thousand which he had lost within a few weeks past to him and to others.

"My Lord," said several of his friends, "do not at once stake all! Sir Paul is not a gamester! He plays not so much for gold as for glory. He will consent to a ten thousand stake at a time!"

"Whatever Lord Inglis stakes I meet, were it twice what he has laid upon the card!" said Sir Paul, with courtesy, and an air of indifference.

"I came here to play against Sir Paul Varney for fifty thousand pounds," continued Lord Inglis; "and I decline taking aught from the amount I have laid on the card! I am sure of winning!" added, with haughty confidence.

"I hope you may, my lord," answered Sir Paul, with a smile of kindness. "I do not wish to ruin your lordship; for, as I do not need your gold, I——"

"Sir Paul Varney, I came hither to play, and not to prate!" answered the noble, with quickness.

Sir Paul Varney's eyes flashed, but his lips, and the color of his face, and the tone of his voice changed not, as he said, quietly—

"I am ready, my lord!"

The betting now commenced. The excitement of the throng was intense. Not only the players but the keepers of the other tables had deserted them, and were looking on with intense interest.

It is not our purpose to enter into the details of a stake at faro, as reporters record all the details of a race upon the turf, or a challenge-game at chess. We will record only the results of one of the most exciting night,s play ever known in London, not only on account of the rank of the players, their former friendship, their remarkable resemblance in form, face, and features, to each other, but the unparalleled amount of the stake placed upon the board.

The result was that Sir Paul Varney was the winner!

No sooner was the fact announced in the drawling voice of the chief croupier (for the head of the gaming-house assumed the distinction of presiding at this challenge-board!) than every eye sought the countenance of Lord Inglis; some inspired by pity, others with curiosity, others with cold indifference; yet wishing to see how a man looked who had not only lost fifty thousand pounds on one card, but who was thereby made a beggar! The Earl of Conybeare's face well rewarded their terrible scrutiny! for at such a moment the eyes of his fellow-men seem to read a man's soul; they show no pity—only triumph and pleasure over his fall!

Pale as the marbles that stood in the niches about him, and as immovable stood Inglis, the Earl of Conybeare, before the table! His eyes were fixed, with a wild, awful stare of fixed horror, upon the pile of notes which the Chef des Croupiers was carelessly raking towards him across the board. His lips were compressed and blue, his hands trembled, and his whole visage was suddenly transformed into that of a stranger—for none of his intimate friends, as they gazed upon him, recognized in that awful, despairing, wild, sepulchral face, haggard and stricken with the aged look of centuries, as in a moment of time, the features of Lord Inglis. At the ghastly spectacle, a general exclamation arose from the throng, and while some, more hardened, turned away with a light word of witticism, and others uttered "fool," "madman," and others, "idiot and desperate," and returned to their own interrupted play at the other tables, there were a few who lingered and looked sympathizingly upon him; and, shaking their heads, expressed to each other their regret that he had not won; and soon they also left and resumed their play; but there were two or three amateurs who remained, as if expecting some tragedy to be enacted by the sufferer; for one said to another—

"He will blow his brains out! Let us wait a moment."

"He will swallow poison! See—he feels in his pocket! Doubtless he prepared himself for possible loss."

"He may kill himself with a dagger! Let us witness it."

And so three fashionably-dressed young men of title, with morbid taste for the horrible (which too frequently had been gratified in that very place), lingered, hoping what they thought probable. But Lord Inglis de Conybeare neither spake nor moved from the foot-steps in which he was standing when he realized his dreadful loss. He looked like a dead corpse upon its feet! But one friend stood near him, and this was the nobleman with the hunter's watch! He laid his hand gently upon the arm of the sufferer, and said—

"Conybeare—my dear Lord Inglis—look on me! Do not take it so dreadfully! It is, you know, but the fortune of play!"

The nobleman turned round his head and fastened his stony eyes upon him, but wholly without speculation in them.

"Who art thou, man?" he asked, in a hollow voice.

"Thy friend, de Beresford—Gilbert Beresford, my dear lord!"

"I thought thou wert Paul Varney! yet I see I am wrong! But at first I thought so! for I see everywhere, and in all faces, Paul Varney! That man is my evil angel! What didst thou tell me thy name was? Pardon me, but I do not see well! Thy voice is kindly, but I still seem to see the eyes of this Varney looking out of them!"

"Nay, my lord! come with me!"

"No! I go with no man! I trust no man! Paul Varney has taken my gold—all, all! and thou, friend, wouldst take my soul!"

Lord Gilbert de Beresford looked to see if Sir Paul Varney heard him utter these words, so bitter and full of woe and pitifulness; but beheld the baronet lounging up the hall, amid a crowd of fawners and flatterers, who did servile homage to him as the "Emperor of Faro;" and so the winner, thinking only of his "glory," let not a thought of his victim trouble the placidity of his soul.

CHAPTER II.

THE RESCUE.

"Ruined! Lost—utterly ruined!" were the words which were wrung from the lips of Lord Conybeare, as he stood once more beneath the dark archway which led from the street to the gambling hall. Those who would have followed him forth he had sternly waved back. The calm, marble silence which he had retained in the presence of men, and beneath which he sealed up all emotion—as a shield of ice lays upon a fountain, locking up its waters—was now broken in the solitude and darkness of the outer air. "Ruined forever! Beggared in a single night! Curses fall from the skies upon the head of that skillful Varney! My child—my poor, noble, proud Isabel! how shall I meet you, and tell you that I have destroyed your happiness and hopes forever? I shall go mad! The bills of honor I should pay stare me like mocking ghosts in the face! I see before me only a Newgate prison and disgrace! Aye—even the chimney-sweeps will point their fingers at me, while lords will sneer! Would that this darkness, which now envelopes me and half the globe, would never lift! Would that the wheels of Time, which revolve to bring to-morrow, would rust upon the axles! The morrow! oh! to-morrow—to-morrow! I cannot—I dare not—I will not meet it. *All* is not lost! There still remains in my firm grasp the power to end this life ere the morrow dawn—for dawn it will—power to escape the evils I dare not meet! This glorious gift of life is mine—not Varney's! No power lies in dice or gold to take it from me! The power to die remains—'tis *all* that remains—and I will use it! To-morrow! Out upon the morrow, with its waiting anguishes, shames, infamies, dreads and tortures! I can laugh at thee, O, morrow! With the power to die left me, I am above the world, and defy thee, with all thy horrors!"

As the nobleman thus spoke, he waved his hands above and about his head with strange gestures of defiance, and strode out of the dark arch, and rapidly made his way down the street. His step, his air and manner, were those of a man desperate and resolved. He had moved but a little way, concealing his features by the cape of his cloak, as he passed the dimly-burning lamps, when he felt his cloak pulled by some one behind. He looked around to see who it was, and beheld the same little girl whom he had encountered on entering the gaming house.

"What—you again?" he demanded, fiercely.

"You told me to come again, sir——"

"But not to-night——"

"I thought you said to-night. I have been waiting, sir—so long—so many hours for you to come out——"

"What did you do this for?" he said, in a softened tone, as he noticed her trembling form, and felt the plaintive tones of her sweet, sad voice enter his heart.

"I was afraid to go home without something, sir! And you spoke so kind, and asked me to come again, and you would help me, I stayed till you came out!"

The earl paused a moment in his rapid walk, and hurriedly searching his pockets, found a piece of gold, and placing it in her hand, said kindly—

"Go—buy food and what you need! It is all I have. Go, and trouble me no more!"

"Oh, sir, now I shall be so happy——"

"Happy? *That* make thee happy? Then would I were thee! Go—but—no—stay! Come hither!"

The child advanced hesitatingly, and closely concealing the money in her clenched fingers, as if she feared he had repented the large gift, and wished to take it from her. They were at the moment stopping beneath the lamp on the corner of a narrow alley that led down to the Thames. At this moment the clock of a neighboring church tower tolled two and three-quarters. He started.

"What I do must be done quickly," he said, as he took from his pocket-book a leaf, and wrote by the flickering light, with a pencil, a few lines.

"Do you know where St. James' street is?" he asked the little girl, as the chilly wind blew her hair and her rags wildly about her face and figure. "You said you lived near there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take this note to the fifth house from the corner near the Palace. On the door-knocker you will see a lion's head in bronze. The door is oak, and the number is over the gate—22. If you are grateful to me for this money, you must find it, and leave there this paper. Let no eyes see it but those of my daughter. You must ask for her, and place it in her hands. Will you do this?"

"Yes, sir, I will be sure and do it—you are so good, and have given me so much money."

"Go, then—farewell! Let me press thy hand!"

He took her hand, and pressing it between his own, left her, saying, as he hurried on—

"It is the last time I shall hold in my grasp a human hand. It is severing the last link which binds me to my species. Now, Death—welcome thy cold grasp!"

He hurried down the lane which led to the river. The dark waters rolled by, rushing beneath London bridge, near which he came, with sullen roar. It was the dead hour of the night, ere the deep sleep of the early morning is broken. Here and there burned a light upon some barge or vessel's deck; but there was no sound of laborers or of voices. A dread hush dwelt upon the water, and its crowded and packed flotilla of motionless keels. He swiftly moved on in the direction of the bridge, and in a few moments stopped near its center. Leaning over the stone parapet, he gazed down into the black and swift stream. Here and there a star, looking through a rent in the fog, faintly was reflected upon its surface.

"This, then, is Lethe! Beneath this wave I can bury the morrow, and all future to-morrows! Now is it in my power to defy fate and escape the scene I must pass through, if I suffer myself to live. All but death is lost! This boon I accept at the hands of my Creator, who, in placing us in this humble world, has not taken from us the power to depart from it when we will! Yet this power—may I use it—shall I, a worm of the dust, decide the great question when I shall terminate my relation to Time, and commence that to Eternity! I know I am wrong! That it is a crime against God and my own immortality! But I have not the courage to live! I would rather meet my Maker than my ruined child and my angry creditors! Now for the great secret! In a moment I shall solve the riddle, and be wiser than the world I leave behind me!"

He looked carefully around him, and seeing that he was alone, he wrapped his face closely in the folds of his cloak, and leaped out into the empty air beyond the parapet.

As he disappeared like a descending rock into the swashing and foaming waters far below, a child's piercing shriek filled the air from the bridge, not far from where he leaped, which was answered by the hoarse, loud outcry of a watchman, who, from the key in which he shouted, seemed bewildered by the sound.

"Help! help! he has jumped from the bridge!" was the wild cry of the shrieking voice.

"Who? What is it? What has happened?" demanded the watchman, running up, accompanied by one or two of the police, to where stood the child upon the naked parapet, and pointing down into the waters below.

"A gentleman has jumped over!" was the answer of the child from whom Lord Conybeare had not long before parted, and who, forgetting the name of the street she was to go to, had followed him to overtake him, when she saw him spring upon the parapet and take the leap.

All was now excitement. The alarm bell, which was kept near by to strike on such occasions, began to peal forth its alarum, and from a dock below, in a few moments, a boat of the Humane Society shot out, guided by a blue-light, which was sent up by a watchman stationed on the cupola above the dock.

The unearthly, wild glare of the light, as it rose with a fiery train, high in the air, was shed upon the bridge, river, and throngs of barges and vessels beneath, lighting them up with the glare of noon-day, but only for a moment. But in this moment those who looked down from the bridge saw a boat, as it shot out from under the arch adown which the form of the suicide had descended from the parapet, lay to an instant, and drag on board the body of a man.

"He is safe!"

"They've got him in!"

"Who can he be?" were the exclamations of the watchmen and others. While they were yet speaking, the blue-light descended far over the water, and was suddenly extinguished in the black waves of the Thames, leaving the scene so lately illumined and clearly visible, once more wrapped in darkness.

The Humane's barge, seeing that the strange boat had rescued the man, retired to its berth in the dock, and in a few minutes all was silent as before, save the light, pattering feet of Eva—for so also was she called—as she hastened along the bridge on her way homeward, wondering why the good gentleman should wish to drown himself, and rejoicing that the boat's company had taken him safely out of the river.

We will now transfer the reader to an old structure, partly stone and partly of old black and decayed oak, which stands on the very shore of the Thames, half a mile above London bridge, on the right bank. It was one of the few dwellings which remained of the days of Elizabeth, and had been the residence of a noble lord of her court; and for that day it was an edifice of dignity and importance. But houses have their histories, and their ups and downs in life, as well as their owners; and after passing through many queer experiences, and being put to many base uses, it had, at the time of our story, got to be a sort of river-side taproom, or boatman's inn.

It was peculiarly fitted for such a use, having its second story built out like a piazza far over the water, so that a score of wherries and other boats could run under and lie together beneath its shelter; while from the water up, through the floor of the piazza, was a stairway, giving access to the main body of the house, which had a front on Thames Alley, a vile and narrow lane, which threaded the mazes of old houses that lined the river side.

As the "Sack"—by which name this ancient inn was known—was equally accessible by the street as by the river, it had two sets of visitors—the cabmen as well as the watermen. The house had a bad name, and villainous look,—with its dark, stout shutters most always closed, its gloomy exterior, and the well-known character of its host—as a returned convict, as well as the ugly visages of his guests, who lounged about the door, it evidently deserved its reputation. Upon it the police kept vigilant eyes, and probably from its doors had been taken to prison more rogues of every dye than from any other sink of sin in the heart of London town.

We regret the necessity of taking our readers to this place; but an audience who go to see a play must be content with the shifting scenes which at one moment present a robber's cave, and the next a king's palace—now a bower, and now a castle. Life, of which dramas are pictures, is made up of contrasts. A king's shadow on the ground is succeeded by that of his footman! Without further apology, therefore, please to conceive the low, gloomy tap-room of the "Sack" about midnight, on the night of our story, obscurely illuminated by an iron ship's lamp, swinging from an iron chain above a square table, black and polished with grease. The apartment had a settle extending all around it on all sides, and here and there a wooden stool beneath one of the grated windows. The walls were wainscoated, and above the huge fire-place, in which faintly glowed a few dying-out coals, was a carved escutcheon, full three hundred years old, showing the field and crest of the noble Essex, to which family the house once belonged, and from which as an inn it received at least its name—"Sack," being evidently a corruption of Essex—"Essex House" being its designation in the time of Queen Bess.

The inn was quiet. The landlord, for reasons of his own, had closed his doors half an hour earlier than usual. Yet he had not put out all his guests. Beneath the iron lamp, and partly in its descending rays, sat a man whose appearance was striking. He was very large in his breadth of shoulders, and had a heavy-looking, square head, covered by short, black hair, streaked with gray. His features were bold and high, with eyes of singular steadiness and fire. His complexion was dark, like the sea-tan of a man who has been in foreign climes. He had but one arm, and wore the empty sleeve of his nautical watch-coat thrust into the breast of it. His lips were compressed firmly upon a small pipe which he was smoking, not placidly but fiercely, as if his thoughts were wild and excited. Upon the table by his side lay a heavy pistol, which he had just been examining, and placed there as if satisfied with his scrutiny.

By the fire-place not far off sat the host of the "Sack," who, from a well-known chapter in his history, was known as "Botany Bay Paul," a soubriquet he affected to be proud of instead of resenting. It intimated that he had seen the world, and had had "experience," and was an old bird, no longer to be caught with chaff. And although Paul was ever ready to give advice and counsel to less experienced rogues, and even to let conspiracies against the peace and weal of society meet secretly beneath his roof, yet he was careful never to go so far as to compromise himself. "He had once seen the Bengal tiger," was his invariable reply, and he did not care about going a second voyage across the sea to gaze upon his visage.

Paul was at ease in the world, laying up money by his inn for a rainy day, and had grown fleshy aneath the chin and about the abdomen, with good fare. He now sat by the fire-place in a huge, oaken, oily-looking arm-chair, that he swore Jack Falstaff had often sat in, and, "for that matter, and a less matter, Prince Hal, too." He was not smoking, for he assevered that he had ne'er a stomach for tobacco—but a can of ale rested upon his fat knee, held firmly in his fat gripe. To have seen Paul in this attitude, with his rubicund face, one would never have suspected his jacket covered a convict's bad heart, and that, underneath the hanging lock of hair which he kept carefully trained over his eyes, was burned deep into his flesh a fiery letter "R."

He sat and watched his one-armed guest's face out of the corner of his dull, bluish eyes, but seeming to look into the embers. Suddenly the one-armed man cast his eyes upon the hands of an old-time clock, which was beginning its warning-rattle preparatory to striking twelve.

"So late!" he exclaimed, before the first stroke of the hammer upon the bell was given. "It is time he was here! If he should turn coward, and refuse the venture!"

"Not he—not he, Captain!" answered Paul, with emphasis. "There's no fear in *that* blood! I know the stock well. It's a thick, dark night, and a man can't move so fast, you know."

"Yes. The very night for our venture——"

"Which is to make your fortune, as well as his."

"A desperate venture—a desperate venture, master," said the one-armed man, rising, and looking at Paul. "But I shall be well paid."

"Risk nothing, gain nothing," said Paul, placidly, as he half-emptied his mug. "Friend, when I get my part of the spoils, I intend to retire, and live in the country, and lead a virtuous life. I have a conscience! Some men think a transported man must go to the devil at the end—will ye nill ye! Let me once get the five thousand pounds that's coming to me for my part in your matter, and I'll be as honest a man as a church-warden; for, havin' enough, I'll have no temptation to roguery. Enough's enough. Captain, and we must remember the judgment-day."

"What a catechism of morals you could get up, Botany, if you chose to take to theology," answered the captain, with a devilish sneer upon his dark and crime-creased face. "Hark! there are oars! It is my boat! I know the swing of the villains' stroke!"

As he spoke he opened a door which led upon the gallery, and the lamp shining through it upon the water revealed a barge with six men in, just trailing oars to shoot in under the floor. The next moment it struck gently with its bow the lower stair.

"All right?" demanded the captain, as he met one ascending the stairs from it.

"All right, Captain!" answered the other, in the clear, resolute tone of a young man, yet in an under-key as if he did not wish to be overheard.

"Come in; let the men remain to their oars, and close under in the shadow, for the guard-boats are now and then passing up and down. Did you bring the chest?"

"Yes, sir," answered the young man, as he entered the tap-room with the captain. "It is in the stern-sheets."

"And all well armed?"

"Each man a brace of pistols and a cutlass. As for myself, you see!" And he threw open the front of his nautical pea-jacket of blue pilot-cloth, displaying, momentarily, a brace of pistols and a short, bright sabre.

"You'll take a can, George," said the host of the "Sack," going to the triangular enclosure in the corner of his tap-room, and drawing a mug of beer. "It is a raw night on the water, and you must feel as if something under your jacket besides cold iron, would do you good."

"Cold and dark! The fog, at one time, was so heavy we could not see a boat's length; but the wind that has come up the river breaks it away; and I think we shall have some light on our way down to the Tow——"

"Hist, man! wainscoats have ears? Name no names nor places," said the captain, laying his only hand upon the shoulder of the other. "As for light, we need none for our purpose. Once in the mid-stream I can shape our course by the current. The thicker the fog, the better for us all."

"Yes—a good Lon'on fog for a cloak, say I, to hide any night business, mates," remarked the host.

"Ten minutes past twelve!" said the captain, as the clock again met his eye. "It is time he were——"

At this moment a sound as if a handful of gravel were tossed against the window was heard. Paul rose and hastily crossed the room to the door.

"There he is," added the captain. "But make sure before you open."

"Up or down?" demanded Paul, in a suppressed tone, at the window, in which was a broken pane.

"Down," was answered from without, in the same tone of caution.

"Our man," exclaimed Paul, with certainty, and the next moment the heavy chain and lock were partly removed, and two persons wrapped to the eyes, one in a cloak, the other in a thick shawl, entered, stooping beneath the loosened chain, when the door was instantly closed and bolted. The former did not remove a broad slouched hat from his deeply-shaded brow, nor his cloak from his mouth until he had cast a rapid and assured scrutiny around him. He then dropped his gray mantle, which was heavy with the night mist, and revealed the slight, yet tall figure of an elegant and graceful young gentleman, not more than six-and-twenty. His air and bearing were of that decided mark and tone which confessedly belongs to the British aristocracy; a combination of haughtiness and ease, of self-possession and courtesy, of condescension and reserve. His face was singularly handsome, and yet pale as marble, and worn thin as if with anxiety and the restlessness of a guilty conscience. It wore an expression of age without years! Both the captain and Paul touched their foreheads with deference, and yet with a sort of bold familiarity. The young coxswain of the boat made no sign of recognition of him, and evidently was ignorant of his name or rank, if rank he had. His companion in the shawl, a short, thick fellow, remained standing in the back ground, still muffled to the eyes.

"I am glad to find you here, Captain," he said, nodding and speaking in that refined and thorough-bred tone of voice which can only be educated into men; and which is ever an indication of high breeding. "I find," he added, looking at a heavy gold watch, "that I am a few minutes late."

"In pretty good time, my lord," said the captain, with a look as if he would like to be familiar, but knew not how to overcome his habitual deference to rank, while the pale and haughty-eyed nobleman looked as if any undue familiarity would be repelled. Yet why did he expose himself to the danger of compromising himself by companionship with two such rogues as these, nay, with three such, for the young boatman looked more like a dashing and daring buccanier than an honest sea-going sailor. Even the man who came in with him had a villainous, cut-throat look, so far as a glimpse could be got of his beetled brow and thick nose, lighted on each side with small glittering eyes that shone in the cavernous darkness of the leathern visor of his huge fur-cap, like the eyes of a panther. In the centre of, and superior in form and bearing, to them all, as if a being of another caste, stood the young lord. For an instant a look passed across his face as if he disdained himself for such degrading associations, yet compelled to hold them for the time for purposes of his own, either of good or evil. Can they be good? Can anything excellent or of good report come of such a company, assembled here in this den of robbers, at midnight?

"You have your man, I see, my lord," nodded the old convict Paul, looking across to the panther.

"Yes, and if you and yours have done your part we have all we have planned for. Is the boat here?"

"And six men at the oars. It waits at the stairs," answered the captain, taking up his pistol and thrusting it into his broad black belt, where it hung by a steel hook attached to the inner side of the barrel. "George, get all ready."

In a few moments the black-looking barge, containing the captain, the young nobleman, and his short companion, with George at the helm, was silently pushed out of the little sheltered dock of the inn, the walls of which hid it from the observation even by day of any on shore; so that a boat could shoot clear out into the stream before it would be visible from the houses and docks on either hand of the old inn. Never was a robber's den more conveniently constructed for the purposes of roguery. In the centre of it sat Paul of the branded brow, like a sly spider in the centre of his web. As the boat glided noiselessly out into the river, he followed it with his eyes, and as it disappeared in the darkness, and beyond the craft, he slowly shut and locked his door, saying, solus—

"A right-merry time, my masters! This night will make us all rich as the Lord Mayor, or hang you all high as Haman—but not me! I am only a friend of the parties: innocent as an angel unborn. I am an old bird—not to be caught with chaff, or salt on my tail, or quick-lime. What a precious cove that young my lord is! I believe my lord would not stop short of anything for money. Here is the nice young fellow, not five years out of his teens! But he robs like a lord! Plans and manages magnificently. He is none of your foot-pads or burglars. He means to be a sort of rogue that won't disgrace the peerage. Well, he pays well for using my house, and promises me well for secrecy. I pray he may get what he goes for. There is no fear in his blood—his ancestors were all dare-devils and traitors, and bled on Tower Hill! Grand rogues—too lordly to be transported! Well! the Tower owes him something! His father's blood has paid beforehand, as he says, for what he means to take to-night. Heaven send 'em back, and I'll be an honest man ever after, on my share of five thousand pounds, and forswear roguery, malt liquors, and suspicious characters. I'll settle down a country squire, and take to port, and die with the gout, like a duke."

The door closed and barred, Paul put another mug of malt beneath his waistcoat, and after carefully examining his doors and windows (having previously closed the water-gate to his dock-stairs) he entered a little inner room, which had in ancient days been the private cabinet of the Earl of Essex, and in which Pepys, Evelin, Charles the First and Second, and some say, even Shakespeare, had sat with one or the other of the noble line of hosts. Upon a settle in a corner Paul stretched himself, after feeling beneath his bolster to ascertain if the money he had taken that day, in the way of his vocation, and his two-barreled Spanish pistolet, a foot and a half long, were in their places.

The boat in which the midnight party we have seen secretly embark were moving down the river, had not proceeded many rods in the darkness when a heavy drift of fog, blown up the river, enveloped them in cimmerian blackness. One could not distinguish the figure of his next neighbor. The tide was at the flood, and the current could not indicate their direction. To advance longer by the oars was perilous, as well as uncertain, and each moment they were striking against some vessel's side.

"This darkness is more than I asked for," said the young nobleman, in a tone of impatience. "We shall not reach the Tower before morning at this rate."

Tor two hours they were inextricably entangled among the craft that lay closely anchored, either by the shore or in the stream; and when at length they were enabled to see the stars by the lifting of the fog, they ascertained that they had been moving towards Westminster Abbey, a direction opposite to the one they desired to take.

At length, when it was past two o'clock, they came in sight of London bridge, and favored by the ebb, they shot rapidly beneath one of the tall, massive arches, the captain at the helm guiding her safely through the perilous pass. Scarcely had they darted from beneath when a dark form descended like a thunderbolt into the water by their side, while a simultaneous shriek from the parapet above filled the air.

"It's a man!" exclaimed the young noble, in a tone of generous humanity. "Back your oars, all! I have him by the hair! Drag him in-board!"

The young lord had seized, while speaking, Lord Conybeare, as he rose by his side of the barge, and being assisted by two of the oarsmen, the unhappy earl was laid in the bottom of the boat, which scarcely had paused in its career; for the swift current had borne both the suicide and the barge onward together until he was rescued.

"Oars! give way, men, with a will!" called out the captain; and the next moment the boat and its party disappeared in the thick darkness far down the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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Truth itself becomes falsehood if it is presented in any other than its right relations. There is no truth but the "whole truth."

LET US ALL HELP ONE ANOTHER!

BY G. L. B.

Let us all help one another
And a heart of kindness show,
As down time's flowing river
In the boat of life we row;
For, though rough may be the weather,
And the sky be overcast,
If we only pull together,
We can brave the storm at last.

Let us all help one another
In misfortune's wintry day,
And be kinder still, as ever
Earth's best gifts are snatched away.
When bright fortune gilds the morrow,
Hollow hearts will fawn and cling;
But when comes the night of sorrow,
Only true hearts comfort bring.

Let us all help one another,
And do good where'er we can—
Who withholds the hand of kindness
Scarce deserves the name of man;
For the one great law of nature,
Which was meant mankind to bless,
Bids us help a fellow creature
When we find him in distress.

THE HONEYMOON;

OR,

THE JOURNAL OF A BRIDE OF TWENTY-ONE.

White Mountains, July 7th, 185–.

Can it be possible that I am married? I can scarcely realize it yet, although for two days I have been called "Mrs. Castlemaine" by my friends, and "my little wife" by my husband. I am happy—deeply, deliciously happy. To see those large, blue eyes turned on me with such unmistakeable fondness—to have him always by my side, and not be obliged to invent excuses for summoning him there—to be able to show my love for him, to the world, as heretofore I have had to conceal it—ah, this is beautiful! I look at my wedding-ring, and kiss it delightedly. It is the visible sign of the new and secret influence that encompasses my life.

I am proud of my husband, too. When I sit in the crowded parlors of this great hotel I am always watching for his entrance. When he comes, and I see him standing among his friends, "like Saul among his fellows," I can but rejoice in him. My aunt once said to me in reference to him, "My child, do not let your eye and heart deceive you. A fine face, and a noble hight, do not make the man." I know what she feared for me. Yet, though I prize his honor and his goodness above everything else, I cannot believe I have done wrong in choosing what is pleasant to the eye, as well as to the soul. Alfred is certainly none the worse for being six feet high—or for having a face and address so well calculated to win a lady's heart—and since it pleases me so much that it is so, why need my good aunt grumble? Only, indeed, she hinted something about my being jealous, if other women admired him, as well. That might not be so pleasant. Yet, if every woman blessed with a good-looking husband should shut him up in close quarters, what would become of the life of our modern society?

No—I think I must trust to my lucky stars, and allow my "Cupidon" to go quite unchained. At least he is free from that detestable vanity which makes most handsome men disagreeable. What he would be if any woman should admire him too openly, I cannot say—doubtless as weak as all the rest of his sex—for not one among them have I found whose head was strong enough to resist so great a compliment. At present, however, my husband seems able to converse with his lady friends, without pitying them, by word or look, for being deprived of the inestimable treasure of his heart—so I have nothing yet to fear.

Our party here is quite small. In such a place as this one has to be rather exclusive, and we have confined our interchange of civilities chiefly to those we knew in our native city of New York. Some Philadelphians, however, are expected next week, and among them, a certain Miss Ormond, of whom I have often heard. This will make us much gayer than we have been. Yet I hardly think I will like the plan. I had always supposed my honeymoon would have been passed in privacy. But Alfred objected to this plan. Could it have been because it would remind him only too forcibly of the days he spent, eight years ago, with another! Away with the disagreeable thought! Oh, never let me allow this mean jealousy of the dead to intrude upon my heart again! True, I am a "second wife," but what of that? Need I love my husband less, because he has also been beloved by one who is now an angel in Heaven? Need I grieve because she whose place I have filled in his heart, yet watches him with a love that must be unchanging, because it was so pure? Oh, no! Rather let me remember all that has been told me of her grace and goodness, by those who knew her well, and mourned her deeply—let me imitate her in her deeds of charity, her words of kindness, her tender love to all who were suffering and oppressed. And then, oh, then! I am very sure, I can bear to hear what I have never yet heard—her name and praise from *his* lips—without wishing, for a moment, to blot the memory of the being who was so dear to him in his youth, from his heart forever!

July 12th, 185–.

We have a new arrival here, and one with which I, for one, could gladly have dispensed. Julius Gordon, with whom I used to dance the polka, in my boarding-school days, and whom I was once foolish enough to promise to marry, has come. I dread the meeting him—for, though that childish engagement was broken long ago, still my husband is aware that it once existed—and—and—oh, dear, how very, very awkward it will be! To stand in the presence of the man I was once about to marry, and the man I actually have married!—why, if it were not so simply ridiculous, I should be ready to cry with vexation. However, I must dress for dinner, for the first gong is sounding already. If I can only find an opportunity to greet him quietly, without having the eyes of all these people, who know our relative positions so well, upon us, I shall be glad. But to be obliged to shake hands with him before them—horrible! I know already how I shall blush, and how annoyed Alfred will look!

Evening.

Well, it has passed off better than I dared hope it would. When I entered the drawing-room today, before dinner, there were but few people there. My husband was not among the number, nor did I, at first, see Mr. Gordon. I walked across the room, and was looking out of the window, and wondering where Alfred could be, when I heard a familiar voice behind me say—

"My dear Mrs. Castlemaine, I am delighted!"

I turned as quietly as I could to meet the man I once loved. I held out my hand and welcomed him to the White Mountains.

"And you—I need not ask if you are happy," he said, looking at me very earnestly.

"I think not. I hope my looks show that my heart is perfectly at rest, Mr. Gordon," I replied.

"They do, indeed. You will allow me to offer you my congratulations. To be sure, it seems rather a strange thing for *me* to do—yet I assure you I am most sincerely glad to find your lot in life so pleasant."

I colored a little at his allusion to bygone times, but his manner was so subdued and quiet—so different from what I had feared it might be, that I could not help thanking him, with my eyes, at least, for his generous forbearance.

"Have you seen my husband?" I asked.

"I have not had that pleasure."

Alfred had just entered, and was standing by the centre-table, turning over the leaves of a political pamphlet, and looking intensely bored. He gladly obeyed the telegraphic sign I made him, and when he came up to us, I introduced the two. They shook hands with a gravity that made me want to laugh, and began to discuss the company at the Mountains most zealously. But every now and then I saw the dark eyes of Julius Gordon look steadily at him, and then at me, as if to discover the charm that bound us so firmly, and in such a loving union. My husband neither sought nor avoided this glance, but once, when it was resting on his face, his own met—analyzed—answered—and conquered it.

The gong sounded for dinner, and, taking Alfred's arm, I went to find my usual place at table. Much to my delight, that assigned to Mr. Gordon was on the other side, and farther up. I took wine with him, at his request, but he intruded upon me in no other manner during the meal, and I had the pleasure of listening to Alfred's account of the manner in which he had passed his morning, without any interruption.

This evening we sang in the music-room. Alfred is no singer—but we have some very fine voices—and that of Julius Gordon is superb. It is a joy and a delight to me to sing—and when we gave, together, some of the dear old songs which everybody loves, and among them that excellent thing, "John Anderson, my joe John," I had tears in my eyes. I thought of Alfred as I uttered the beautiful words, and felt glad that he was listening.

It is late—but this has been a happy day with me, and I can well afford to prolong it.

July 15th, 185–.

Our Philadelphians came yesterday. The party consists of General Charles, his wife, his son, who is a captain, and Miss Ormond. They are the most courteous of people, but here and there I can see evidence of that peculiar pride, which the natives of the city of Brotherly Love are always said to possess. Miss Ormond is a handsome, somewhat haughty-looking girl, who dresses most beautifully, and honors me with a great deal of notice. Whenever I look up suddenly I find her eyes fixed upon my face, with a look I cannot understand.

Yesterday, when the party arrived, I was standing in a recess near one of the windows, looking out at the carriages, yet myself unseen; Alfred stood upon the piazza as they drove up, and stepped forward to assist the ladies in alighting. I knew that he was previously acquainted with them all, but there was something in his manner as he met Kate Ormond that startled me. It was no common interchange of hands—and in the few, hasty words they exchanged together, was something more than met the common eye—for she started and turned pale, and let her vail fall as she followed her companions into the house.

One other person saw all this—it was Julius Gordon; and coming into the parlors directly after, he saw that I had witnessed it. He seemed to hesitate a moment, and then he joined me.

"Josephine," he said, in a low voice, "you have not quite forgotten all that once passed between us. For the sake of a love which was once everything to us both, promise me one thing."

"I can promise nothing for the sake of a feeling that ceased to exist long ago," I answered, coldly

He bit his lip.

"Promise, then, for your own sake."

"What is it you wish?"

"Nothing for myself, except the sweet privilege of serving you!"

"Mr. Gordon!"

"Hear me out, Josephine, before you condemn me. I was only about to ask one favor of you. If, at any time, you are grieved and sad, suffer me to console you, if I can, by my sincere friendship."

"I am never grieved or sad, Mr. Gordon."

"But you may be both," he answered.

"Why do you say this?" I asked. "Why do you suppose any trouble is hovering over me?"

"Ask me nothing—ask me nothing?" he answered, quickly. "If I am wrong, the mistake will rest with me alone—if I am right, I trust, Josephine, you will not reject my sympathy."

I was silent. It was true, then, and my jealous eyes had not deceived me. Not only had they met before, but something in that meeting, whatever it might be, had bound them to each other with some mysterious tie. I remembered, with a kind of terror, that Alfred had never mentioned Miss Ormond's name to me, and that he had always been silent when others were speaking of her. Julius Gordon broke in upon these unpleasant meditations with his persuasive tones.

"I see that you know only too well to what I allude. I grieve for you deeply, dear friend. So young, so beautiful, so trusting—oh! he must indeed be a villain who could wrong or deceive you."

"You shall not apply that term till you can do it justly—at least to *him*."

"Pardon; it was you who made the application—not me."

It was too true. And by those hasty words I had already judged my husband, and what was far worse, allowed him to see that I had done so!

"Come," he said, pleadingly, "do not refuse me this simple request. If you have taken away all I valued on earth, and given it to another, do you not owe me some small recompense for the lonely days and nights to which you have doomed me? Do not misunderstand me—I only ask to be your friend."

My heart was bleeding at the thought of my husband's treachery, and I was only too ready to listen to words of kindness.

"Be my friend, then—my *true* friend."

"I will. And if, as the days go by, I see and discover that what I now believe to be true is really so, have I your permission to relate it all to you—to expose to your gaze the web of treachery and deceit in which you have been enveloped?"

I was too anxious and wretched not to say yes. But I felt like a traitor as I did so, and turning round, saw my husband leaning against the mantel-piece at the other end of the room, and looking both sad and lonely. I was just about to leave the tempter—to confess everything to Alfred, and ask his pardon for the unjust suspicions I had entertained, when I saw a look of the most absorbing interest come over his face, as his eyes turned toward the door.

It was Kate Ormond who entered, splendidly dressed, and leaning on the arm of Captain Charles.

"You see," said Gordon, in my ear. "He can smile, now—he can talk as he has never talked to you. Josephine, look at him now, and wonder, if you can, that I almost hate the man who neglects what I would peril my life to secure, simply that he may sun himself in the practiced glances of the most noted coquette in Philadelphia."

I did look. I saw Castlemaine bending over the brilliant belle, who held her bouquet up for him to admire; I saw the same smiles, the same looks lavished upon her which had once won me. Something rose in my heart—I know not what—that made a demon of me. I could have struck her to the earth and trampled upon her, in blind hate and fury. I started forward, but Gordon laid his hand upon my arm.

"Josephine, recollect yourself. If we would defeat them with their own weapons, caution and secrecy are the first ones we must use."

"You are right. But leave me now, for they are coming this way."

He went at once. My husband came slowly up through the long apartment, with Miss Ormond leaning on his arm. I tried hard to subdue my rebellious feelings, and succeeded, in a measure, though I could see, by a mirror opposite, that I was still looking frightfully pale.

"My love! what is the matter? You look like a ghost! Are you ill?" said Alfred, anxiously, as I turned from the window to meet them.

"I have a terrible headache." *Heartache*, I should have said.

"That is bad. After dinner you shall lie down a while in your own room. Meanwhile, let me present to you my friend, Miss Katharine Ormond, who has been so anxious to meet my young bride."

"Your friends are always most welcome, Mr. Castlemaine," I answered, somewhat coldly.

He looked a little startled at hearing that name from my lips, and Miss Ormond's searching black eyes were bent upon my face, as if she would read my most secret thoughts. I returned her glance quietly and composedly, and as the gong sounded, shook hands with Captain Charles, whom I had seen before in New York, and, taking the arm of my husband, followed them in to dinner.

From that time she has watched me closely, as if to see whether I have guessed the truth or not. It is hard to seem to be what I am not—harder yet to meet him calmly, when my heart is aching to reproach him for his perfidy. But it must be done. I am too proud to show my misery before all these people, and before her. She shall never hear a sigh or groan, no matter with how deep or poisoned a dart she sees fit to pierce my heart.

July 29th, 185–.

The month has nearly gone, and oh! what a month of misery it has been to me! Distrust and secrecy have been between my husband and myself for a long time. He seems cold and changed; and I—ah! what am I? My heart is like stone within my breast whenever I look upon his face.

He has watched uneasily the growing intimacy between Gordon and myself. To-day, for the first time, he spoke of it. It was too much for me. I answered with bitter scorn, that at least his honor was safe in my hands, whatever my associates might be. He turned and looked at me with a piercing glance.

"Josephine, do you mean to assert that yours is not safe in mine? Good God! do you mean *that?*"

I was silent.

"Do you reply to me only with this cruel taunt, because I have warned you against a man that is neither my friend nor yours? Do you already trust him more than me? Last night, when you stood so long with him in the conservatory——"

"I was not aware that my movements were watched," I said, haughtily.

"They have not been, nor shall they be, by me," was his answer. "But the world is an unmerciful critic, and its judgments are very severe. Remember this."

'Stop!" I cried, as he was about to leave the room. "Dare you talk to me like this? Dare you warn me, when you yourself are in so much danger? If the world wonders because your wife converses a quarter of an hour with an old and tried friend, what, what does it say when you are seen, evening after evening, in private conversation with one who makes a boast of every fresh conquest—who cares little what hearts she breaks, so her own vanity is gratified? Tell me this, before you cast the first stone at me!"

I was white with anger as I spoke. He looked at me a moment in silence, and then said, in an altered tone—

"Josephine, you have been deceived. I ask of you the confidence you once gave me, assuring you I have never done anything to forfeit it. Will you trust me till I can explain all?"

"I ask no explanations. What I see and know, I must believe," I answered, coldly.

He left the room.

In a transport of indignation, I sprang to the door as he closed it behind him, and locked and double-locked it. Then, throwing myself upon the bed, I wept till I sank to sleep.

It is now late in the afternoon, and dinner is just over. Not a word or message from my husband, although I must have been missed at table, if no where else. I can hear them talking and laughing in the grand saloon. I can hear his voice and hers among the rest.

Oh! this is too much. It is scarcely four weeks since he took me from my happy home, promising to love and cherish me till death. And how has he fulfilled that vow?

I will not sit pining here. Let me, too, go down among them. I will no longer drive my only friend from me. Since my husband deserts me for another, I will, at least, make him feel some of the pangs I have felt. I will let him see me leaning on Gordon's arm, listening to his words, allowing his arm to encircle me in the waltz, and it may be that he will come back to me once more. I cannot believe he has ceased to love me entirely—I cannot believe she has quite usurped my place in his heart.

But if this last plan fails, what remains to me? I do not dare to think of what I might be tempted to do. Father in Heaven, guard me, for I am tempest-tossed, and know not the way in which my steps should go.

July 30th, 185–.

Let me re-call my thoughts, and relate all that has happened to me since I last openened the pages of this little book.

It was late last evening before I joined our party below. Gordon was watching for me, and came to meet me as I entered the grand saloon.

"Ma belle," he whispered, "where have you hidden yourself all day? People have been guessing, and surmising, and wondering, as people only can, and to all their inquiries your husband has only answered that you had a headache, and would not probably appear to night. I am glad you have recovered sufficiently to be able to do so."

"Where is he—Mr. Castlemaine?"

"I saw him pass, a few moments ago, with a lady leaning on his arm."

"Miss Ormond?"

"Why do you make me the messenger of bad tidings?"

"Was it she?"

"It was."

"And where are they now?"

He hesitated; and looking up in his face I saw at once that something had come to his knowledge.

"Oh! why *don't* you speak?" I cried.

"Josephine—I believe in my soul he is false to you. But I can only prove it to you in one way."

"Name it"

"They are now in the small saloon which opens from the dining room. The gallery leading from this saloon goes all around the house."

"Well."

"If we step quietly through this window, and pass around to the other side—the windows will be open of course, and the blinds shut—we should be unseen, yet——"

"You wish me to listen to them? I cannot!" I said, shrinking from him at the very thought.

"You shall choose for yourself. But is it better to yield to such a scruple or to satisfy yourself at once? If he has deceived you——"

"Enough! I will go."

We passed out of the window, as many had done before us, to watch the moonlight on the hills around us. But when we were sure of being unobserved, we stole silently along the corridor, until we reached the little saloon.

The blinds were only partially closed. I could see my husband standing in the center of the room, and she, with her hand upon his arm, seemed to be pleading earnestly with him.

"My wife already suspects us," I heard him say. "All must be known so soon—why not now, Katharine?"

"Oh! not yet—not yet!" she cried. "Spare me for a little while. Wait till I am safe before——"

"Your word shall be my law, now as ever," he answered. "But, since flight is necessary——"

"It may not be, Alfred—we cannot tell. Wait at least one hour more. If all is not well then, it shall be as you say."

"And Josephine—what can I say to her?"

"Say—say nothing. What can you say except to assure her that I was most to blame? I know it, and I am ready to acknowledge it. Yet when I remember the happiness that has been purchased by this secrecy, I cannot regret it, Alfred."

"Nor I. Since you are happy, it is all I ask, dear Kate. I am glad that it is so."

I saw him lift her hand to his lips as they turned away, and then I gasped for breath—I felt as if I should faint.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Gordon.

"Oh! I am satisfied that there is no more truth or honor in the world, since he has deceived me so basely!" I cried. "Oh! where shall I look for refuge since he has failed me!"

I trembled from head to foot—I shivered, and yet I was flushed with a terrible heat.

"Lean on me," said Gordon, who was evidently alarmed at my terrible agitation.

I did lean on him. I clung to him as my last friend, and wept as if my heart would break.

"Josephine," he said, gently, "you asked where you should turn for refuge now he has deceived you. I answer, here. Here is a heart that has cherished your image for years—here is a hand that shall never refuse to sustain and guard you from every evil. My loved, my idolized Josephine—leave him who has wronged you so, and——"

"And what, Mr. Gordon?" I said, roused by his words to a sense of my position.

"And be mine, dear Josephine!"

It was the last drop in my cup of bitterness. Even he was false and selfish—even he was ready to tempt me to lose my soul! I had trusted him alone when all others seemed to fail me, and here was my reward!

I broke from him with a bitter cry, and fled away. As I stood alone in darkness and silence, with the solemn sky above my head, I felt, to the very core of my heart, how little earth and all its dearest joys can satisfy, and how every rose of happiness offered to us is pierced with a cruel thorn. I leaned my head upon my hands, and lifted up my heart to my Father in Heaven. Bruised and bleeding as it was, He deigned to take it—and I felt a calm stealing over me as I vowed, solemnly, never to exalt the creature above the Creator, more!

Suddenly two strangers appeared amongst us. One was a gray-headed, dignified old man—the other a young and handsome sailor, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant. He turned his face towards me, and I started, to see the strange likeness he bore to my husband. As they entered. Alfred and Kate both sprang forward to meet them, and the old man grasped my husband's hand, while he bowed to the company.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said deliberately, "you must excuse me for thus intruding my private affairs upon your notice, but I wish to ask this gentleman one question in the presence of witnesses. Mr. Castlemaine, you are a man of honor."

"I hope so, sir," said my husband proudly, and I felt that his face rested upon me.

"Tell me, then, in what relation your brother Charles stands to yonder daughter of mine?"

"She is his wife."

A murmur of surprise ran around the room as the young officer raised Miss Ormond's hand to his lips. Could it be that she was married? Her father turned to her for the first time—

"Kate, is this so?"

"Yes, father, I am his wife."

She looked at her husband with a mixture of pride and affection that made my heart ache, when I thought how I had wronged mine.

"And you have kept this from me for four months, Kate—you have made me come before all these strangers to-night, to ask the question of another which you should have answered long ago. Was this kind, Kate?"

"Father, what could I do?" she said sadly. "You wished me to marry another—you desired Charles never to enter your house. I could not give him up, and I married him. But how could I tell you this till time had softened your feelings a little."

"Do you love him, Kate?"

"Better than life, sir."

"Castlemaine," said the old gentleman, turning to my husband, "has he been a good son and brother?"

"I can answer for him in those respects," said Alfred, standing beside the brother of whom I had heard so much, but whom I had never seen before.

"Give me your hand, sir."

The young lieutenant extended it without a word, and the old man joined it with that of his daughter.

"There, sir, as I came here with you on a kind of wild goose chase, and am going home much better satisfied than I expected to be, I have nothing more to say, only if you are not a good husband to her, you dog, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life."

This sudden ending made everybody laugh. The young couple were surrounded in a moment, and while Kate was relating the chief incidents of her romantic courtship and marriage, for the edification of her friends, my husband sought me out and led me up to them.

"This is your new sister, Charles. And, my dear, I have great pleasure in presenting to you Kate Castlemaine."

Miss Ormond—I must still call her so—held out her hand to me with a pleasant smile.

"My dear Josephine, say you forgive me for taking your husband so much from you. He was the only one who knew my secret, and used to beg hard sometimes to be allowed to go back to you. Now that my own husband is here, I can assure you I shall have no further designs on yours."

I answered her in the same light strain, and then my husband led me from the saloon to our apartments. Some one brushed against us on the stairs, and whispered in my ear, "Farewell forever." It was Gordon, who has now gone from us.

We reached our rooms. My husband locked the door, and stood before me. I could not raise my eyes to his.

"Well, dear one, am I forgiven for all I have made you suffer?" he asked tenderly.

I sunk at his feet and wept bitterly.

"Oh it is you who are to forgive me," I cried, "I have thought such wicked thoughts of you. Forgive me!"

"Nay, there is nothing to forgive," he murmured, as he raised me from the ground, and pressed his lips to mine. "In future, not even the secrets of another shall come between us, dear wife."

I thought my "honeymoon" had fled forever, but I am sure it has only just begun. True, it is nearly the last day of the month—the month in which I have made myself so unhappy. But the love that fills my heart will only cease to burn when I close my eyes in death.

For oh, I love no longer so blindly and madly as I once did. The lesson of the past three weeks cannot easily be forgotten. Now that I see how easily coldness and distrust might creep in between us, I dare not make him the idol of my heart. I try rather to assure myself that he fills only a subordinate station, and that to the God, who did not desert me in the hour of need, is given the best and highest place. To One who can never change—to One who looks kindly upon every wandering child who seeks the way to Him once more, would I dedicate the deepest feelings of my heart, henceforth and forever.

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE SEXES.

The moderns in the education of their children have too much followed the stiff and prudish manners of ancient days, in the separating the male and female children of a family. This is well enough adapted to the absurd unsocial rigor of Grecian manners; but as it is not so agreeable to that mixture of the sexes in a more advanced age, which prevails in European and American society, it is not easy to be accounted for, but from the absurd notion, that the education of females should be of an opposite kind to that of males.

The degrading difference in the culture of the female understanding, which has prevailed for several centuries, affects deeply female happiness and female importance. It must be obvious to all those who are not blinded by the mist of prejudice, that there is no cultivation which yields so promising a harvest as the cultivation of the understanding, and that a mind irradiated by the clear light of wisdom, must be equal to every task which reason imposes on it. The social duties in the interesting characters of daughter, wife, and mother, will be but ill performed by ignorance and levity, and in the domestic converse of husband and wife, the alternative of an enlightened or an unenlightened companion cannot be indifferent to any man of taste and true knowledge. Be no longer niggards, then, O ye parents, in bestowing on your offspring every blessing which nature and fortune render them capable of enjoying. Confine not the education of your daughters to what is regarded as the ornamental parts of it, nor deny the graces to your sons. Suffer no prejudices to prevail on you to weaken nature in order to render her more beautiful; take measures for the virtue and harmony of your family, by uniting their young minds early in the soft bonds of friendship. Let your children be brought up together, let their sports and studies be the same, let them enjoy in the constant presence of those who are set over them all that freedom which innocence renders harmless, and in which nature rejoices. By the uninterrupted intercourse which you will thus establish, both sexes will find that friendship may be enjoyed between them without passion. The wisdom of your daughters will preserve them from the bane of coquetry; your sons, looking for something more solid in women than a mere outside, will be no longer dupes to the meanest, the weakest, and the most profligate of the sex; and will become the constant benefactors of that part of their family who stand in most need of their assistance.

SIMILARITY OF BARBAROUS NATIONS.

In their every-day life there is a great similarity in barbarous nations. Generally the ruler is supreme, and the director of the customs by which, under the sovereign, savage nations are governed. All black nations, in common with many less barbarous, as, for instance, the Chinese and Malays, in speaking of the organ of men's understanding, imagine that we derive reason and wisdom from the stomach. In this there is not so much cause for wonder as is generally considered. With a wild man the day's pastime is regulated by appetite, and by the state of his stomach is he ruled. The uneducated blacks look upon eating and drinking as necessary evils they are compelled to submit to, and, while satisfying the cravings of hunger and thirst, only partake of a sufficiency to sustain nature, and give the necessary strength to enable them to pursue their course of duty. These primitive habits suffer materially on the common advance of civilization and intermixture with Europeans. Unless particularly guarded against, the luxury of intoxication completely prostrates the unfortunate barbarian, and, as with the Indians of North America, might probably exterminate the aborigines of Africa contemporaneously with the advance of civilization.

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.

Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage, as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and gaudy jewelry; and our dear human angels—if they would make good their title to that name—should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indian squaws and African princesses. These tinselries may serve to give effect on the stage or upon a ball-room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for the charm of simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold and diamonds. The absence of a true taste and real refinement or delicacy, cannot be compensated for by the possession of the most princely fortune. Mind measures gold, but gold cannot measure mind. Through dress the mind may be read, as through the delicate tissue the lettered page. A modest woman will dress modestly; a really refined and intellectual woman will bear the marks of careful selection and faultless taste.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1857.

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THE CROWN JEWELS.

The New Story, which we commence in this week's Ledger, is one of the best Tales ever published in the United States. We congratulate our readers on the rare treat that its perusal will afford. The author is a man of rare literary ability, and will undoubtedly take a high stand among our first-class romance-writers. This new story is of itself enough to make a reputation for him in that line. Read it, by all means, even if your time obliges you to omit the perusal of some other part of the paper.

"PAY AS YOU GO."—ITS BENEFITS.

Pecuniary indebtedness is the source of wide-spread mischief and misery. It destroys that manly freedom and independence so necessary to the highest human well-being. Debt is a breeder of anxiety, servility, hypocrisy, evasions, and of much litigation, fraud and bloodshed. If "blessed be nothing" be not a good proverb, surely "give me neither poverty nor riches" was the wish of a wise man. That is the "*juste milieu*"—the happy "mean distance," wherein a man can live at peace with himself and with all the world. Franklin has been ridiculed by some and condemned by many, for his economical maxims—for his "a penny saved is a penny earned," and "take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves;" but for one harmed by this sort of lesson, scores have been benefitted. We would have no one bound up in love of money. To save or get for the mean gratification of hoarding, is an unmanlike pursuit. Pollok describes such an one—the miser:—

> "In folly further gone,
> And by his guardian angel quite given up."

The miser's hoarding is in a spirit as remote from economy, as economy is from spendthriftism. Real economy is a virtue, and a rare one. It means living within one's means. The majority of men do not practice it. Multitudes laugh at the idea, and scout it. Not so the sagacious and the wise. By the practice of economy—without parsimony—thousands acquire independence for themselves, and means to help others. By economy they "provide for a rainy day," and hedge around the decay of strength, the decline of health, and the sunset of life, with calm and comfort. Strange as it may seem, the poorer classes, who need this virtue most, economize least. They are most heedless of all but the present hour. Their improvidence is a proverb in the world. They beget most and provide least. How much they would gain if they would only catch up the short week or month which they are eternally behind in their means of living. By thus catching up, their cash in hand would stand them twenty per cent. better than their credit. With cash in hand they could command the market—with their credit they are systematically bought and sold. "Pay as you go" should be their motto and aspiration. They lose incalculably by the other process. Yet they hug their bonds.

"Pay as you go," and commercial disasters and money panics will be unknown. Duns and bailiffs will become obsolete. Courts, lawyers, jails and sheriffs will be stripped of their glory. Hard times will be a myth, when every man lives within his means. What the world wants to bring in the millennium, is a cash instead of a credit business. The ledger—not our family darling—and the day-book should be balanced with every set of the sun, or what would be better still, never opened. Living beyond means, and being in debt, has brought the country to the state it is now in. Such is the inevitable result. Can we not have a reform in this matter? Must the maxims of the wise and the experienced of past time go forever unheeded?

IMITATORS.

The community is full of imitators. They live, move, and have their being, such as it is, in the very face of two great facts, viz., that variety is enstamped upon human character, and that success has rarely followed imitation.

Imitation of a certain kind, and within certain degrees, is all right. Such is that which leads the apprentice to do his work as he sees his boss do it, the young farmer, to observe the customs of his experienced and successful neighbor, and adopt them, or the daughter, who is satisfied that her mother's "way" of housekeeping is the best, therefore to adopts it, when *she* is made mistress of a household. But, mind, we say "satisfied." And here is the point. It is *blind* imitation we condemn—that which does so-and-so, because Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so does it, without knowing, or even stopping to ask for, the *rationale* of it. Such imitators, in laying out a farm, or a garden, or a lawn, or building a house, are sure to arrange or construct the same after somebody else's taste, without regard to the predominance of angles or curves, or their own instinctive taste on this point—for we insist that everybody *has* an instinctive taste of his own in such matters, which only awaits education. And this they will do without reference to the entirely different nature of the soil, the propriety of a different "exposure," local relations to surrounding circumstances of scenery, etc.! If public speakers, by virtue of the profession they have perhaps unwisely adopted the sheer imitation of somebody, instead of learning of nature—of their own nature, which is asking to be permitted to speak through voice and gesture—they are sure to take some "great man" as their model, and thus make fools of, and failures for, themselves. So, if they are writers, or are seized with the *cacoethes scribendi*, or morbid passion for writing, and are trying to become such, they will imitate the style of some natural writer, even to the length of his sentences, and the peculiarities of his very headings. That they "flatten down," and fail utterly, nobody wonders but themselves—and, perhaps, the little knot of their admirers, whose flattery has only hastened their failure!

If any of these imitators aspire to be publishers, or editors, instead of adopting some "new feature," which some public "want" is waiting to hail with gratitude, and reward with success,—or, in other words, striking out a new course for themselves—they become the veriest copyists. Seeing this, the discriminating public rewards their publications with "cruel neglect," and they, too, fail. So will it ever be with mere imitators!

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

The motto of the heroic Lawrence commends itself to all who would be business heroes in these times of suspension and failure. The pressure is sore—no one doubts that; but the courage is all the greater that withstands it. It is always unmanly to give up without a struggle, when obstacles, in business or otherwise, interpose. Those who stand fast now, whatever the sacrifice, will be advantaged in the future. It is as in a storm at sea—the sailor is best who keeps firmest and longest at the post of duty, and the commander who weathers the tempest and brings his barque through, will be honored, when the cowardly and timid, who give up the ship without an effort, are justly condemned. Nay, more, he who goes through the storm of these distressful times, even though he fetch to port nothing but the bare hulk of his fortune, will be trusted for repairs and a new rigging.

Too many in such times are disposed to take advantage of the tumult, and "burst up," when, by doing all in their power, and all that real duty imposes, they might ride past the crisis. Be sure, men of business, that your conduct on this occasion will not escape criticism. Your stamina in the future will be judged by your action now. You cannot give up the ship of trade and enterprise, in which you deliberately embarked, without having the reason therefor inquired into. You may think to hide your head in the dust of the ruin crashing around you, but you cannot. After the wreck, your manhood will be questioned, to see whether you fell a hero or a dastard.

It is something worth working hard for, for a business man to be able to say, in the evening of his days, "I never yielded to a storm while I had a dollar to ride it out." Of all things, the American merchant is most proud and sensitive of his business credit, which is his honor or dishonor, just as he shall elect. In this respect he is like his British exemplar. Therefore we believe there will be no failures in our commercial community, that are not such from the most absolute necessity. Our remarks are for encouragement rather than reproof. We heartily sympathize with the strugglers, but we detest the shrinkers, who fail to do any and everything in their power to abide the storm. Our motto is, "Don't give up the ship!"

LEAVE THE CITY.

Will not some of the thousands thrown from employment by the pressure of the times, heed our warning and leave the city? Ordinarily there are more of the needy among us than public and private charity can aid. Now, thousands upon thousands are added, and being added to the throng, while the means of aid are sadly narrowed down. There is no refuge like fleeing from the over-crowded city. In many sections of the country—and in some not remote—labor is wanted; a little here and a little there, among the farmers, who, if they will not pay large wages, will be glad of help at the price of a good living. Their garners, and bins, and pork-barrels, will be full, and their disposition and hospitality far more generous than can be expected in this great mart. As regards female help, we know, from inquiry and observation, that in villages and lesser communities near by, it has been and still is a most difficult matter to secure such—particularly sewing-help. The demand for labor exceeds the supply there, in as great a ratio as the supply exceeds the demand here. Will not some of our great, unwillingly-idle host strike out and seek subsistence in the country, at least until better times return? There is no time to be lost, for the cold, pinching winter is close at hand. The frost-king has already laid his sceptre on field and forest, and every day he narrows more and more the chances of comfortable life for the poor. Leave the city as many as can, for be assured the country offers the best refuge.

Agricultural Fairs—The Agricultural Fairs in the different States, so far as we have observed, have been unusually well attended this fall. The "hard times" do not appear to have affected them. In some of our daily papers, we have occasionally seen communications, from prudish individuals, finding fault with the horse exhibitions at these annual gatherings. These grumblers state that too much attention is paid to horses and the training of them and too little to sheep, swine, etc. That, we presume, is a matter of taste;—as for us, we pity the man whose low habits and inclinations are such as to lead him to prefer a pig to a horse. He is a fit subject for the Home Missionary Society.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

PANICS—MALE AND FEMALE.

While money is scarce, advice is plentiful.

In one of our daily papers, "An Old Man," who says he has "gone through three panics," recently put forth a column of advice to all sorts of people, and among the rest, of course, to those wretched scape-goats, "The Ladies."

If having gone through three panics is to be considered a qualification for a mentor, I, who have gone through twice that number, may venture to lay claim to the title; or, if that be disputed, perhaps the "old man" will allow me the title of *tor*mentor, which will suit me equally well. But to the point. It is astonishing what weak arguments men use when trying to convince ladies—why can't they talk sense, while they are about it? For instance: speaking of crinolines, the "old man" says:—

> "I am an old man, and to me it is at once mournful and shocking to hear the vulgar, coarse jokes current among young gentlemen, founded upon this monstrous and extravagant fashion in dress. In the days when young ladies dressed and deported themselves modestly and tastefully these things were not so."

Now, with all due submission to an "old man," I would ask—would any style of dress, how modest soever in its dimensions or make, deter that man who is *capable of making a coarse joke about a woman* from uttering it, if he felt inclined? Before hoops came in vogue, and the dresses of ladies swayed artistically to their figures, and the tell-tale wind revealed curves which fashion now conceals, were there less "coarse jokes" about hips, legs, and ankles, than shock the old man in these crinoline days? Not a bit of it! I have often known ladies whom the heat of summer then obliged to wear thin dresses, refrain from taking the necessary walk because they had not courage to encounter the impertinent gaze of these very "coarse jokers." Indeed, I am not at all sure that, in view of this very fact, the *gentlemen* may not have to thank themselves for the obstinate and persistent entrenchment of the ladies in these same abused crinolines—which I acknowledge on every other account to be sufficiently inconvenient both to their wearers and to the public. From a muddy fountain, one cannot look for a pure stream; but is the flower past which it flows to blame, for the impure sediment it casts upon its leaves? There are those who pass for gentlemen, from the range of whose libidinous eye and unbridled tongue not even Diana herself would be safe. The honored wife, in the near prospect of maternity, if she venture out for the fresh air which is so essential—how modestly soever she may comport herself—may not escape their *gentlemanly* jokes; though there are "heathen," so called, who consider her presence so sacred, that they never pass her without the most respectful homage. As I said before, a man who is capable of making a coarse joke about a woman *will* make it even about Diana herself—everybody knows that. Let the "old man" charge the blame where it belongs.

But while he is on the subject of inconveniences in public places: Do ladies suffer none from the other sex? Do not men smoke, and persist in smoking, everywhere, with the most unblushing license, in women's disgusted faces? Do they not spit eternally and unceasingly upon the car and ferry-boat floors, and upon ladies' robes; which, though not always costly, are at least tidy—for let woman have what other faults she may, thank goodness, she is a *clean animal!* Are they not often obliged to stop in the ferry-houses to remove from their dresses, with their handkerchiefs, these disgusting effects of tobacco-chewing and smoking? Do not men even, while the "gentlemen's cabin" is quite empty, occupy the "ladies' cabin," to the exclusion of many delicate women and children, who stand outside exposed to the chill air? Perhaps you say *gentlemen* do not do these things. I answer, then, that by that rule, it is a long day since I have seen one!

Once in a great while, a refreshing specimen of old-fashioned chivalry turns up. I was seated in a city-car the other day, with a majority of men-passengers; by-and-by, ladies began to crowd in, and look about for seats. "Plenty of room, bless your hearts," remarked an old man, who was himself standing. "I have no doubt these gentlemen will be *delighted* to give up their seats to you (gentlemen alluded to commenced diligently reading their newspapers, many of which, by-the-way, were upside-down). Old gentleman, nothing daunted, "Pass on, ladies; good gracious! these gentlemen of course won't think of letting you stand, while *they* are sitting!" "Ah! thank you, gentlemen," said the exultant old man, as one after another were shamed out of their roosts. "I was very sure you were too gallant to let the ladies stand." Not that I would have taken their seats, under such circumstances, had I dropped down and been carried off on a shutter, but I was glad that those women felt a call to—because as far as I have observed, this dogged resolution, "not to get up for ladies," *has been adopted by those men who were the very last to need any public bolstering up on the score of inattention to their own personal convenience!*

Fanny Fern.

STICK TO CASH.

Certain wiseacres, in various parts of the country, have set at work to "tinker up" our hard times, with an enthusiasm which greatly exceeds their knowledge and capacity. Among other plans, it is proposed to institute a system of barter and to pay laborers in meat, flour, and other staples, instead of cash. Such a scheme should be met at the threshold, by every laborer and every honest employer, with the sternest and most inflexible opposition. It is simply a wily plan for oppressing the poor, and cheating them out of a large proportion of their hard-earned wages. With cash in his pocket, though the sum be small, the poor man can make provident bargains, and trade where and for what he pleases; whereas, on the barter and pay-in-produce plan, he will have to take such articles and pay such prices as his master shall dictate. Such a scheme would at once degenerate into an organized system of plunder and tyranny on the part of the employer, and of discontent, slavery, and suffering on the part of the laborer. Stick to the cash system, therefore, though at reduced wages, and let us have no tyrannical intermeddling with a man's trade and provender.

Sorrows are like tempest clouds—in the distance they look black, but when above us, scarcely gray. As sad dreams indicate coming joy, so will it be with the so-often torturing dream of life when it hath passed.

A **benevolent** man estimates others by the degree in which he can make them happy; a selfish man by the degree in which he can make them subservient to his own interests.

GOOD IN EVIL.

If the prevailing financial distress of the country shall bring about a temperance of living, and teach our people to curtail their extravagance, even but a small per cent., then some future good will come of present evil. If all our population fall back ten per cent., which can be easily done in the average, we shall have gained ere a twelve-month be passed. Signs are, to the observant, that there will be a general retrenchment. Luxuries of every sort, and especially imported or foreign luxuries, will be in less demand. We shall flounce less in French silks, and rail-ride less on English iron. We shall employ more of our own, and less of foreign, pauper labor. We shall originate more and imitate less. We shall make fashions and not follow them. Great rebukes are generally timely. "Disaster, like affliction, often purifies and strengthens"—and such will, we trust, be the case now.

The climax of the storm is past. Already the rubbish of the great wreck is beginning to be cleared away, and the sunshine breaks over the landscape. There is no cause for despair or despondency, save on account of the laborers suddenly thrown upon the charity of the times. These must suffer much, and will invoke our all sympathy and sorrow. But the "good time" will soon return to these. The country is blest with an abundant harvest. If labor be stricken down, so are the grains and fruits on which the laborer subsists, reduced in prices. The Republic is young and buoyant, and can bear much—aye, much more than the reaction upon our mad extravagance. The big rents, and "usurious rates," and reckless speculations must recede, and let the country breathe and live honestly again.

There is no way so brave and good as to look calamity square in the face. We have all got to meet our fate, and conquer or succumb. Let us conquer. Such is our privilege and province. And first of all, as we rise again, let us rise with this resolve—that we will stand by ourselves, that is, by one another. Let us act up to the spirit of every sound nationality, and produce and consume of our own. Let us encourage our own genius and skill. Let us make active our own spindles and looms, reopen our own mines, and rekindle the fires in our own furnaces and forges. We depend on foreign nations and foreign labor too much. We are as un-American as possible. Let us be rid of this bad trait, and never return to it more. We have got a grand country and a glorious government—if well administered—and our institutions are the best known among men. All we need is to stand by ourselves, return to the simple habits and honest ambitions of our fathers, and nothing can stay our triumphal progress.

THE BEST POLICY.

"Honesty is the best policy," says the common proverb. The sentiment is a bad one, or else it means less than can be forced from it. True honesty has no *policy*, and knows none. It is honest, because to be aught else is wicked and wrong. It is honest, because to be honest is to be right—because sound conscience and morality will put up with nothing else—because, in short, it is one of the divine injunctions of our better, immortal nature. To be honest from policy is to be a rogue at heart. It is to steal not, cheat not, and lie not, because penalty follows the contrary course. It is living within the statute, or in accordance with public opinion and custom, for a selfish purpose, when, otherwise, one would defy public law and common sentiment.

Honesty—real, unselfish honesty—is one of humanity's noblest principles. Accustomed honesty gains one the respect even of the dishonest, and the faith and trust of all. Honesty is a brighter crown than riches, or fame, or power. It is the parent of sincerity, frankness, ingenuousness and truth. The false man cowers in its presence, abashed. All men praise it, and call it to arbitrate their dearest temporal concerns. Beautiful in common life, it is still more so when it guards the soul in extraordinary positions and times—when it sets as a hedge against the lower passions and temptations of man. In society, in politics, in religion, in trade, or in whatever our post and relations may be, honesty is a great virtue. It makes the tongue utter what the heart feels, and the hand do what the tongue professes. It is, indeed, a source of profit, but not that sort of profit implied in the phrase, "honesty is the best policy." Policy concerns temporal, external things—seeks external gain. Honesty may bring external profit, and concern temporal things, but it chiefly affects the moral nature, and concerns the soul. The great profit flowing from it lies there:—

> "Wide as our being's range,
> And lasting as eternity."

"CHILDREN OF A LARGER GROWTH."

The most striking characteristic of childhood is heedlessness. Children live altogether in the present. In their bark canoes they have what are real sea-craft to them—ay, and perfect ones, too. They are troubled not at all about improvements. So with all their other toys. To "children of a larger growth" all these, are, in turn, but types of some reality. So as to time and place, and all the other conditions of action.

When Arkwright was a boy, he had no more idea of the spinning jenny than other boys around him. The same is true of Fulton and his steam-boat; the same of Franklin and his lightning. The boy-Franklin did not detect the sublime, world-concerning, and time-and-space obliterating uses of electricity. It was left for the man-Franklin to do that. We may imagine the boy-Napoleon thinking of the real ramparts and sieges which occupied his mind in after years, when he led the Battle of the Snowballs, and ordered ditches dug and forts piled up. But it is only imagination. *He* thought of nothing of the kind, however so much his elders found of *prophecy* in those boyish sports. The present filled his soul with its realities. He had no thoughts for the future.

Thus, as we have seen, heedlessness—want of forethought—is ever peculiar to children. Are all "children of a larger growth" any wiser? Let the present year answer. Thousands of adults have given saddest evidence of extremest recklessness, stamping them *only* "children of a larger growth," in thought, or want of thought, rather, and in feeling, after all!

A Frequent Error.—It is too often an error in the modern system of education, to consider talents and accomplishments according to the use that is made of them, rather than their intrinsic value: applause is rectitude, and success morality, but such is not sufficient for an honorable character. There is a dignity in the mind which leads those who possess it to cultivate only those arts which are valuable—who have a satisfaction in their own feelings beyond what applause, power or popularity could bestow. Let us show to youth how dangerous it is to trifle on the borders of virtue, for its chief safeguard is a jealous sensibility, that startles at the color or shadow of vice.

WIT AND WISDOM.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

A Hint for the Quacks.—Why is it that the advertising doctors will catch hold of our legs, when they might just as profitably seize us by the ears, or have a pull at our noses? Why is it always a bad leg of so many years' standing, that is promised a cure by the advertising practitioners? Surely this "bad leg" has had a pretty good run, and all the old hands must be so familiar with the leg, that something else ought to be set on foot as soon as possible. What would the world say to "a bad sneeze of five years' standing," or "nose and eyes of twenty years' running?" either of which would be a change, at all events, from the leg, which must have tired itself out, by this time, almost as completely as it has tired the public.

An Eastern paper apologizes for several errors which crept into that paper during the sickness and absence of the editor. The following is one:—"Rev. James H. Brent, in an able article on education, was made to violate grammar and decency, by speaking of the common people as 'them asses.' It is due to say that he wrote it 'the masses.' The letter m stepped back to see its next neighbor." The same error occurred in the London *Punch* some years ago, but the editor on reflection concluded the mistake was too slight to demand correction, and so permitted it to stand.

It is gossipped that one of those merchants of Boston who failed last week, is blessed with a wife who for six months could not find a carpet in Boston that would satisfy her fastidious taste. She wanted one of a pattern such as nobody among her acquaintances possessed, and higher in cost. She would lay abed from morning to noon, and from noon to night, waiting for the appearance of her dressing-maid, rather than perform a service so menial as that of dressing herself. With such a help-meet, is a merchant justified in failing?

A sailor who had been for several years on a foreign station, and had hardly ever been on shore, asked leave to have a trip by land, and proceeded to a small village, where, for the first time, he witnessed a funeral. When he returned on board at night, he could talk about nothing but what he had seen in the churchyard. "Why, what d'ye think they does with the dead corpesses ashore?" said he to a shipmate. "How should I know?" said the other. "Why, then, Bill, may I never stir," replied Jack, "but they puts 'em up in boxes, and directs 'em."

Every one has heard of the disappointment of Sir Walter Raleigh's gardener when he tasted the apples or balls of the potato, which he supposd must be the precious part of the plant. The original tasters of tea had no better luck. The first pound used by Europeans was sent as a present to a lady, and without directions how to use it. She boiled the whole at once in a kettle, and herself and guests sat down to eat the *leaves* with butter and salt. They wondered how any person could like such a dish.

Three or four times a couple appeared before a clergyman for marriage; but the bridegroom was drunk, and the reverend gentleman refused to tie the knot. On the last occasion he expressed his surprise that so respectable a looking girl was not ashamed to appear at the altar with a man in such a state. The poor girl burst into tears, and said she could not help it. "And why, pray?" "Because, sir, he won't come when he is sober!"

The Sign-Painter and Lawyer.—A sign-painter carried a bill to a lawyer for payment, who, after examining it, asked, "Do you expect any painter will go to Heaven if they make such charges as these?" "I never heard of but one that went," said the painter, "and he behaved so bad they determined to turn him out; but, there being no lawyer present to draw up a writ of ejectment, he remained."

How to Find Room in a Crowded Omnibus.—*Driver:* Would any gentleman mind going outside, to oblige a lady? *Unfortunate Gentleman (tightly wedged in at the back):* I should be very happy, but I only came, yesterday, out of the Fever Hospital. [*Omnibus clears in a minute.*]

An elderly Pennsylvania woman, with her daughter, looking at the marble statue of Girard, in the College building, the other day, startled the bystanders by exclaiming, "La, Sally, how white he was."

"**I find**, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my best jokes and passing them off as your own. Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?" "To be sure, Tom. A true gentleman will always take a joke."

A navy surgeon loved to prescribe salt water. He fell overboard one day. "Zounds, Will," said a sailor, "there's the doctor tumbled into his own medicine chest!"

A Qualification.—A merchant lately advertising for a clerk "who could bear *confinement*," received an answer from one who had been *seven years in jail*.

A Henpecked Husband says that instead of himself and wife being one, they are ten; for she is 1 and he is 0.

Why is a palm-tree like a chronologer? Because it furnishes dates

CURRENT ITEMS.

A German doctor of Urbana, Illinois, who manufactured snake-bite medicine warranted to cure, caught a rattlesnake which he offered to let bite him for a dollar, every time a customer bought a box of his medicine. One day the snake did bite him, and he applied his remedy, without effect. Becoming alarmed, he sent for a physician, but too late. He died the same day.

The affairs of India are growing more and more gloomy and desperate, and some of the more desponding British journalists fear that their countrymen in the Orient will be utterly exterminated. One lady recently arrived in England whose ears had been cut off by the mutineers, and another who had slain a Sepoy with her own hand, and thus escaped a fate worse than death.

Affairs in Utah are in a shocking condition. The Mormons have become so audacious that they set upon and murder the clerks and attaches of the United States government offices, whenever they suspect them of writing home concerning the iniquities of Brigham Young and his satellites.

A little girl three and a-half years old, named Amanda McCoy, living in Sixth Avenue, having been left in a room with several other little girls, ventured too near the grate, set her clothes on fire, and before the flames could be extinguished was burnt so severely that she died in a short time.

Eleven notorious burglars have been arrested by our police within a short period. At this rate we hope soon to be rid of these abominable pests, unless our tender-hearted governors shall pardon them out of the State's Prison, according to common usage.

Paulsen, the celebrated chess-player, recently played five games simultaneously while blindfolded, with five first-class players, and worsted four of his opponents, the fifth game being a draw. Such an astounding exhibition of mental power and concentration seems incredible.

It is reported that "spiritualism" has made its way to the Cherokee nation, and that some of the redskins make superb "mediums." We have long known that "spirits" always receive the most hospitable and enthusiastic reception among the aborigines.

A boy fourteen years of age, named Lewis Faber, living in Jefferson county, in this State, while chopping wood, struck the axe into the top of his left foot to the depth of two inches, and in twelve hours afterwards died of the lock-jaw.

Since the Sepoy mutiny in India, the Thugs have re-commenced their nefarious work with terrible ferocity. Whole families of both foreigners and natives have been strangled in the boldest manner.

The Mercantile Library Association of Boston will open its next regular course of lectures on the 18th of November, with an Oration by Caleb Cushing and a poem by John G. Saxe.

A water-snake was killed in Duxbury, Massachusetts, a short time since, in whose body were found eighty-four smaller specimens of the same genus.

The financial matters of the country are rapidly improving. Bank and railroad stocks are on the rise, and there is an immense amount of money seeking investments.

A man died recently in Alabama from "phlebisis"—that is, the nail of one of his toes grew obstinately into the flesh.

Household Waverley Novels.—Messrs. Tickner & Fields, of Boston, are producing the best reprint ever published of these immortal fictions, which Irving says are more amusing and instructive than any others ever printed. They have already issued sixteen volumes of the forty-eight, and are bringing out the rest at the rate of two volumes a month. Taking them all in all, the volumes already issued are among the most attractive in appearance (as well as in matter) that we have ever seen; the paper and typography are of the finest quality; the binding is tasteful and elegant, and the engravings are faultless and superb. And yet they cost only seventy-five cents a volume, for which price the publishers will send them by mail, free of expense, to any part of the United States.

THE
WELL-DIGGER: AN OWER-TRUE BALLAD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

Come listen all while I relate
What recently befel
Unto a farmer down in Maine,
While digging of a well.

II.

Full many a yard he dug and delved,
And still he dug in vain;
"Alack!" quoth he, "e'en water seems
Prohibited in Maine!"

III.

And still he dug and delved away
And still the well was dry;
The only water to be found
Was in the farmer's eye;

IV

For by the breaking of the bank
That tumbled from its station,
All suddenly his hope was dashed
Of future liquidation!

V.

And now his sands were running fast,
And he had died no doubt,
But that just when the well caved in,
He happened to be out!

VI

"Aha!—I have a lucky thought"—
Exclaimed this wicked man—
"To dig anew this cursèd well
I see a pretty plan:—

VII.

"I'll hide me straight, and when my wife
And eke my neighbors know
What's happened to my digging here,
They'll think that I'm below!

VIII.

"And so to save my precious life,
They'll dig the well, no doubt,
E'en deeper than 'twas dug at first,
Before they find me out!"

IX.

And so he hid him in the barn
Through all the hungry day,
To bide the digging of his well
In this deceitful way.

X.

But list what grief and shame befel
This false, ungrateful man,
The while he slyly watched to see
The working of his plan:—

XI.

The neighbors all with one accord
Unto each other said:—
"With such a weight of earth above,
The man is surely dead."

XII.

And then the wife, with pious care,
All needless cost to save,
Said:—"Since the Lord hath willed it so,
E'en let it be his grave!"

* * *

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;
OR,
THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER X.

THE SECRET MESSENGER.—THE SIEGE.

It was near midnight, and an Indian, who was on guard at one of the outposts of the Mohawk encampment, thought he heard a strange rustling in one of the trees over his head. He gazed up, and was sure he saw a dark object between himself and an opening in the leafy canopy. He started nearer to the tree, but the object was gone. He listened, and he was sure he heard the same noise in the next tree. He hastened thither, but could see nothing; and as the sound was hushed, he concluded that 'twas nothing more than an owl.

A few minutes afterwards, another Indian was startled upon his post by seeing a dark object moving along by the edge of a clump of alders.

"Who's there?" he cried.

The low whine of a dog was the only answer; and in a moment more the dark object plunged into the bushes. The dusky sentinel uttered a drawling "*ugh*," and resumed his walk.

It was not long after this that one of Johnson's men—one of the "Greens"—heard a sound, as of some one treading upon dry twigs, in a clump of trees near him. He called out, but received no answer. He called again, and received a sharp growl, followed by a low "*bow-wow-wow*."

"Whose dog's that cruisin' 'round?" he growled to himself, as he resumed his walk.

The next person startled was old Phillis. She sat by the cot of her mistress, and had just been giving her some drink, when she heard a low sound behind her. She was upon the point of turning, when a well-known whisper broke upon her ear.

"*It's Jocko! Don't make a noise!*"

The old servant had presence of mind enough not to be startled from her prudence, and as she turned she saw the ebon face of her friend just rising by her side.

"Why—Lord bress me! Am dis you? Is dey got you prisoner?"

"No—I come myseff. But don't make no noise. I want to speak wid Miss Isabel."

The maiden heard her name thus pronounced, and she opened her eyes and looked around. She recognized Jocko at once, and a bright light gleamed in her large eyes.

"Is this you, Jocko?"

"—sh! Not so loud, Miss Isabel. Yes—dis am Jocko. May I speak wid you?"

"Certainly, you may. But have you come here unobserved?"

"Guess don't nobody s'pect ole Jocko's come; but some ob 'em t'inks dey's hab a dog 'round um. But ise come from mas'r Philip, an' he wants me to ax ye dis one t'ing: If de chance should come will ye go wid yer old guardian again? Dat's what he wants to know."

"Yes! yes!" the sick girl uttered quickly. She had no need to ponder, for she had been pondering a long while upon that very subject. If she remained where she was she must be made the wife of Guy Bradbrook at once; but if she sought her old guardian she would at least have a few months' respite—and who should say what those few months might bring forth.

"Yes, yes," she repeated, "I will go with him."

"Dat's good! An' now how sick shall I tell mas'r you be?"

"Oh, not very sick—tell him I shall soon get well. Tell him good Phillis will soon help me up again."

"Dat's good, too. An' dat's all I've got to ax. Now does ye want to send any word back?"

"Only tell Philip that Isabel prays for his safety always when she speaks to Heaven. Tell him that."

"I'll tell him, for sartin, 'cause it'll make him berry happy."

As Jocko thus spoke he lowered himself upon his hands and knees and crept under the cot. He had hardly done so when the canvass curtain at the entrance to the tent was moved aside, and a man's head was put in.

"Who's talkin'?" asked the owner of the head.

"Me," responded Phillis. "I war a talkin' wid missus."

The man—a sentinel placed there to guard that entrance—stepped in and surveyed the apartment, and then, without further remark, he retired. In a few moments more Jocko glided out from his hiding-place, and, raising himself upon his knees, he looked over into Isabel's face.

"Miss Isabel," he whispered, in a low, eager tone, "could you pray for poor Jocko?"

"Yes, yes, Jocko—I will!"

"You will?—you will pray jus' as you do for Philip?—jus' as you do for dem you lub?"

"Yes, Jocko, I will pray for you sincerely, for I do love you very much. You have been very good to me."

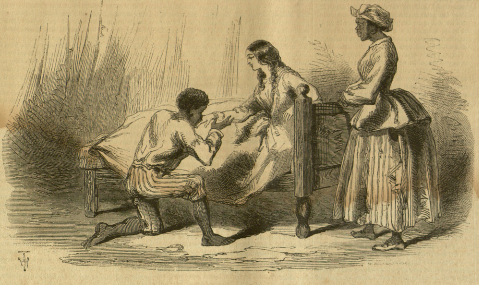
"I mayn't kiss yer hand?" he murmured, prayerfully.

"Indeed you may." And as she spoke she reached forth her small, white hand.

The deformed African caught the fair hand, and pressed it eagerly to his lips; and as he laid it gently back upon the edge of the cot, he whispered, in a tremulous, heartfelt tone—

"Jocko nebber 'll die so happy as he will when his poor life can save miss Isabel's!"

He spoke this with his hands clasped, and then, without waiting for any reply, he turned and glided, like a huge cat, from the place. There was no sound from his movement, and he seemed almost to mingle with the gloom ere he passed from the tent.



JOCKO DECLARING HIS DEVOTION TO ISABEL CARLTON.

The wily black made his way back to the fort as he had come, at times, crawling almost upon his belly—then plunging through dense thickets, and anon swinging from tree to tree, like a panther. He found his master anxiously waiting for him, and when he had made known the result of his mission the youth was gratified almost beyond measure.

"She said she would come? You are sure?"

"Yes, I is, mas'r. And she said, too, dat I mus' tell Philip Isabel prays for his safety allers when she speaks to Heaven. Dat's what she said."

"Did she say that?"

"She sartin did, mas'r."

"Bless her! bless her!"

"My goodness, I should t'ink every body ought to bress her. She's a reg'lar angel, mas'r. Jus' sich a angel as ye read to me 'bout in de Bible. Don't you t'ink so?"

"Yes—she is, Jocko. At any rate, she is as pure as an angel; and if angelic attributes can make an angel, then she is one, most surely."

"Oh, she's got all de at—at—umbutes any good angel ebber had—now, you ken jus' make your mind easy on dat yer p'int."

It required no assurance from Jocko to enlighten Philip upon that subject, so the conversation was dropped, and both master and man sought their respective places of rest for the few hours that were yet left of the night.

The morning of the tenth of August dawned upon the fort, and Colonel Gansevoort, in company with several of his most experienced officers, took a careful survey of the state of the siege. The enemy were slowly, but surely, progressing, and to the north they had commenced a ziz-zag series of advances which plainly indicated that they were determined not to give up the siege.

The commandant saw the dangers which threatened the garrison, and he at once called a council of his officers.

"Gentlemen," he said, "if the enemy receive reinforcements, which they are very likely to do, they may continue the siege, and finally compel us to surrender. We cannot hold out many weeks longer. You must all see that."

"Aye," replied the brave Willett, "it is very plain. And it is equally plain that this fort must not fall into the enemy's hands. Let them gain that step and they may ravage the whole valley of the Mohawk as they please."

"There is but one way to prevent all this," resumed Gansevoort. "We must have succor. And that succor we can have but from one quarter. Schuyler, with the northern army, is at Stillwater. That is nearly eighty miles distant. In order to communicate with him our messengers must work their way through the camp that surrounds us, and traverse a wilderness swarming with Indians and Tories. Who would do this?"

"There was a silence of some moments, and the assembled officers gazed from one to the other with eager, earnest looks. Presently, Colonel Marinus Willett stepped forward—the man who had already done so much, and who was ready and willing to do more—to do all that lay in his power.

"I will go," he said, cheerfully and modestly.

"And I will be his companion," spoke a second officer, at the same time stepping forward. It was Lieutenant Stockwell.

The two brave men received the warm thanks of their companions, and the gratitude expressed came gushing from hearts that lacked not in courage, though they may not have possessed that firm confidence in self which leads men voluntarily through the greatest dangers.

That afternoon the few clouds which had been rolling up from the horizon assumed a darker hue, and gradually spread themselves over the whole heavens. Before dark the rain began to fall, and those who understood the weather-signs of that region knew that the night would be dark and stormy. After having partaken of a hearty supper, Willett and Stockwell prepared for their mission. They dressed themselves in suits of leather—tough buckskin—throughout, and their only burden was a small knapsack for each, containing provisions enough for two or three days.

Stockwell would have armed himself with pistols, but the deeper judgment of Willett decided against it. They were to traverse a section within which the report of a pistol would be sure to bring more enemies than the bullet could dispose of. Their only arms were two good spears, and common hunting-knives. At ten o'clock all was prepared. The two men left the sally-port, which was on the east side, and upon their hands and knees, with the rain pouring down upon them, they crept the whole distance through the enemy's camp. Not a sentinel was startled, nor did a sound tell to the drowsy Britons that a foe was within their lines. They crossed the river upon a log, and were soon able to resume their feet.

But the path of our two patriots was dubious in the extreme. They had now to traverse a dense forest, pushing on through masses of briars and tangled wildwood, and about midnight they were confident they had lost their way. Still they moved slowly and doubtingly on, until the barking of a dog gave them the startling intelligence that they had wound about in their wandering way till they had come close upon an Indian camp!

Of course they dared go no further. The heavens were black, and not a star appeared to guide them. They found a log upon which they seated themselves, and there remained until towards morning, when the clouds began to break away. With eager, anxious glances the two men watched the dark-blue patches as the lifting clouds rolled up, and by and by the bright morning-star dawned upon them. It was "the star in the East," and with thankful, hopeful hearts they arose and followed it.

Thus assured of their course, the patriots pushed on, now pursuing a track of many angles, and anon wading the small streams that came in their way, thus rendering it impossible for any savage enemy, who might be in pursuit, to follow their trail. They reached the German Flats in safety, where they procured powerful horses, and then galloped off down the valley, reaching the camp of General Schuyler on the thirteenth.

Schuyler had already heard of the defeat of Herkimer, and was devising means to assist the garrison at the fort. The brave, impetuous, and, alas! far too reckless, Arnold, volunteered to take command of a detachment to march to the succor of the fort. Many of Schuyler's officers opposed the movement, as they declared that their force was already too small to cope with Burgoyne. But the brave and humane Schuyler was not to be turned from so noble a purpose by the grumbling of a few discontented, fault-finding subalterns. Should Fort Schuyler fall, and the devoted band of patriots who defended it be swept away, the tide of sure destruction would roll over the whole length and breadth of the beautiful valley. But it should not be!

Before noon on the morrow eight hundred stout men had been enrolled, and Arnold, almost invincible in his intense thirst for deeds of daring, placed himself at their head.

In the meantime St. Ledger continued the siege, and threw more vigor into his operations. He had advanced to within twenty-seven rods, and was protected by stout parallels which had been thrown up. A week passed away, and still no news from Willett or Stockwell. Whether they had reached their destination, or whether they had been butchered on their way, could not be determined. The provisions were growing scarce, and the ammunition was well nigh exhausted. Many were in favor of surrendering, as the most humane course that could be pursued, especially in view of the women and children who were involved in the common danger. But Gansevoort would not do it. As he gazed upon the motley horde of English, Canadians, Tories, and Indians which composed the besieging army, he could not find it in his stout heart to surrender to them.

"No," said he; "ere we will surrender we will choose some dark night, march out at the sally-port, and cut our way through the enemy's camp, if need be."

The dauntless bearing of the commandant inspired others with more confidence; but still there were sad faces and heavy hearts within the garrison, and the terrific whoop of the savage, as it came shrieking upon the night air, struck the deep fear-cord in many a mother's bosom!

CHAPTER XI.

THE DARK HAND IS SHOWN.

Under the gentle nursing of old Phillis Isabel soon recovered from her prostration. The fever did not assume a decided form, but seemed to be a severe cold, with febrile symptoms, which readily yielded to care and repose. At the end of a week she was as strong and well in body as one can be whose mind is ill at ease. Both Guy Bradbrook and his father visited her often, and they watched for her recovery with an eagerness which could not have been disinterested. Of their plans they had thus far said nothing, save the dark hints thrown out on the first night of the maiden's presence in their camp.

One day—it was just after dinner—as Isabel sat within the tent, Phillis having gone out to take a breath of fresh air, and look about the camp, Guy Bradbrook and his father both entered.

"We are glad to see you looking so well, my dear daughter," said the old man, as he took a seat.

Isabel trembled, but she tried to hide it.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, not daring to remain silent.

"By the troopers of the king, she never looked better in the world!" cried Guy, with enthusiasm. He had moved so near to the maiden that she could smell, in the fumes of his breath, the cause of his peculiar zealousness of expression.

"She does look well, and no mistake," the father added, nodding approvingly to his son.

"Too well to be shut up from the world, upon my soul," resumed Guy, with a wink.

"By all odds," continued the other.

"Egad, she looks as bloomin' as a rose," said the young 'un.

"Vastly superior to a rose," intimated the old 'un.

"Like the rose and the lily," suggested Guy.

"Exactly," chimed the observing parent.

"You have lived about long enough without a daughter, eh?" queried the dutiful son, with an abominable wink.

"Too long—too long, my son," asserted the father, with energy. "But," he added, with a hopeful nod of the head, "it can't be so much longer. It mustn't be so, Guy. I tell you it mustn't. D'ye understand?"

"I rayther think I do, my dear old soul of wax. I rayther think I do."

Nathan Bradbrook was slightly disconcerted by this answer, for it revealed to him the fact that his darling boy had been drinking more deeply than he had thought.

"You are right, my son," he returned, in a pacifying tone. "You understand it."

"To a charm, old Bullbite," the affectionate child replied. "To a charm, my waxy pip," he added, trying to wink, but shutting both eyes tight in the effort. "Understand it, do I? P'r'aps you'd like to intimate 'at I *don't* un'rstan 't—eh? Tell ye what, Peepy, we'll fix it."

The father motioned to his son with his finger, as though something of importance had suddenly suggested itself, and then turned towards the passage. Guy followed him, and ere many minutes the parent returned. He had got rid of his offspring.

"Facetious youth!" he uttered, as he sat down. "So full of spirit——"

"And very dangerous spirit, sir," slipped from Isabel's tongue, almost before she had thought of speaking. She was sorry she had said it, but it was true, and she resolved to abide by it.

"Eh?" uttered the old man, with a quick glance into the girl's face. "What do you mean?"

"I only meant that much spirit was dangerous for a young man, sir," she replied, calmly.

"Much spirit? I don't understand you. Much spirit? Will you explain?"

"Has not Guy been drinking, sir?"

"Drinking? Drinking what?"

"Ardent spirit, sir."

"What! Would you intimate that my son has drunk to excess?—that he had imbibed too freely of the intoxicating draught? Your remarks would certainly seem to imply that, though I trust it is not so. Enlighten me."

"Why, sir," ventured Isabel, somewhat astonished at the cool effrontery of the man, "I did certainly think Guy was under the influence of liquor. He had that appearance to me."

"I forgive you, my child—I forgive you," Mr. Bradbrook said, with exceeding forbearance and charity. "I forgive you, even though your baseless insinuation rests upon my own flesh and blood. I forgive you. I shall not reflect upon it. I shall not lay it up against you, though you have little conception of the depth of a father's feelings. Guy Bradbrook—*my son*—under the influence of liquor! But I forgive you. Yes—I forgive you, my child. You did not think. Has it come to this, though, that the only sprightliness of character the boy has should be so strangely misunderstood? But I forgive you. You will never allow such a thought to rest in your mind again, I know you will not. Of course you do not now think he was as you feared."

Isabel was not prepared for this. She was completely nonplussed by this brazen impudence. She had not only smelled Guy's breath plainly, but she had noticed the idiotic leer and the drunken smile. And she had seen him just so before. She had seen him very drunk at the house of her kind guardian.

"Of course you don't for one moment suppose that Guy would ever get drunk, do you?" Nathan pursued, as he noticed Isabel's agitation.

"My dear sir," the maiden said, fearful of offending, but yet unable to speak what she knew was false, "I can scarcely comprehend your meaning. You must be aware that Guy drinks, and you must also be aware that one of such an impulsive temperament may at times drink to excess. I should hope you would question me no further upon this topic. It is not pleasant."

"Poor boy. He must curb his facetiousness if he would not be thought a drunkard. But let it pass. I forgive you. I forgive you, my child. And now, let us come to a more important matter."

Mr. Bradbrook stopped and blew his nose upon his handkerchief, and having coughed three times, and then folded up his kerchief and placed it carefully in his pocket, and worked himself into an easy position, he turned his gaze upon the maiden, and gave a low a-he-e-e-m to attract her attention. She looked anxiously upon him, and he spoke as follows:—

"You probably remember that I spoke to you once before of the peculiar fact that 'circumstances alter cases.' Now that is so in every department of life. For instance: Suppose I was in business, and had a partner, and that partner and myself should agree that on such a day, of such a month, of such a year, we would send a venture to India. My partner has business, and is gone to Europe. It lacks three, or perhaps four, months of the time on which we had agreed to send the venture, but I learn that war is likely soon to break out in India, and that it would not be safe to send our goods there. A ship is ready to sail for China, and I see a splendid opening for our venture. Hadn't I ought to send it?"

"Send it?" repeated Isabel, looking up with a vacant stare.

"Yes—hadn't I ought to send our venture?"

"Why—if your venture is ready to be sent, I suppose you might send it," the girl replied.

"Ah—yes—exactly. And of course we should be the best judges of whether it was ready or not. I only instanced this case to show you how circumstances can sometimes render it necessary that even the most important arrangements should be changed. Of course you see this."

"I understand your meaning, sir."

"Ah. I am glad," said Mr. Bradbrook. He rubbed his hands together for some moments, and then resumed, in a careful, guarded tone—

"You know there has long been an engagement, or arrangement, touching yourself. You know that you were pledged to marry with Guy when you should be nineteen years of age."

"Yes, sir," faintly whispered Isabel, seeing that the old man looked to her for an answer.

"Well—that is a *case*. And now we will just look at the circumstances attending it. They are all around us. You see that the fortunes of war have separated you from your former guardian, and of course you can never go back to him again. Were your father now living, he would hold no communication, except at the swerd's point, with a Rebel."

"You have no right to assume that, sir," spoke Isabel promptly, and with spirit.

"No right to assume what? Don't you suppose I knew what your father's principles were?"

"So do I know, sir; for I remember very well of hearing him say that these colonies could never thrive, and develope the greatness that was theirs, until they were independent of the British crown. And I remembpr, too, of hearing him say that he hoped he might live to see the time when these States should become one nation, free and independent."

"Nonsense, girl," snapped Bradbrook, angrily. "You insult your father's memory by such foul aspersions. I knew your father better. But we won't argue this point. We have fact enough before us. I have stated the CASE, and you know the *circumstances*. You must have a protector. While you were with the old Rebel, you were with one whom the law regarded as your proper guardian, but you have none such now."

"Cannot you be my guardian, sir?" Isabel asked, trembling violently, for the crash was coming.

"No, my child. I would if I could; but just as soon as we take this fort, and dispose of the prisoners, I shall be called upon to move hither and thither, without any pre-consideration of my own. But not so with Guy. He can go home and settle down if he chooses. Don't you see?"

The maiden saw, but she did not reply. She gazed fearfully up into Bradbrook's face, and tried to quell the painful beating of her heart.

"I think you see it now, my dear," the old Tory resumed. "Only think what a state of things for you to remain in camp under the charge of a young man, and he no relative at all! It will never do. It must not be. Of all the men living, Guy is the only one who can now be your protector and guide. Such being the case, you must become his wife at once! Of course your own good judgment will point out the necessity of this."

"O, no, sir!" Isabel cried. "No, no, sir! There is no need. I can go with you—I can go anywhere—I can protect myself; but not that—not that now! O, no!"

At this juncture the arras was raised, and old Phillis entered. But Bradbrook sent her out, and then turned to Isabel.

"Tell me what you mean by '*not—that—now!*'"

"I mean that I cannot become Guy's wife now. My father never meant that I should be dragged into a union from which my whole——"

"Well—'your whole' what?" demanded the Tory, as Isabel hesitated.

"I would say that my father meant not that I should marry before I was nineteen years of age." She had almost told Nathan Bradbrook that her whole soul revolted from the union with his son; but she saw her danger. If she confessed now that her aim was *never* to become Guy's wife, then she would be entirely at their mercy, for they could throw off the restraint of her father's will as well as she. However, she was destined to find that they needed no precedent from her.

"You are very foolish, as well as very blind," remarked Bradbrook, with some feeling. "Do you suppose that we can allow your fair fame to be tarnished by such slanders as would surely follow you if you remained with us as you are now? And then what do you mean by such close sticking to the very day of your appointed age? Don't you suppose, when your father concluded to trust your welfare for life in our hands, he had some confidence in my judgment? He placed the date for your mariage at what was then the most convenient period; and he simply meant that there should be a mutual understanding upon the subject. But it is all nonsense to argue this point further. If you don't see it, then it must be because you *won't* see it; and, if you won't see it, I only waste breath in talking of it. But if," he added, with a sharp look into the girl's eye, and in a tone of wicked meaning, "you have come to the conclusion that you don't wish to marry with Guy at all, I pray that you will not let him mistrust it. If you do—God have mercy upon you!"

"Can I help the promptings of my own heart?" sobbed Isabel, clutching her hands tightly upon her bosom.

"I'm sure I don't know anything about your heart. I only know that I can't help the promptings of Guy's heart, and I doubt if he can do it either. Of course, he can't do it any more than you can."

The poor girl made no reply to this. It was spoken in that cold, sarcastic tone, which betrayed the man without feeling, or sympathies of any kind; and with him Isabel knew that argument would be useless.

"I have only to say further," the old Tory resumed, "that you will be married as soon as possible. Probably to-morrow. We have an excellent clergyman in our camp—a regularly accredited minister of the church—and he shall be called upon at once. You and Guy shall be married, and then, as soon as we take the fort, he will take you home, where you may find all the enjoyment your heart can desire."

Mr. Bradbrook arose as he ceased speaking, and having taken his hat he moved towards the entrance. He stopped at the arras, and turning a threatening look upon the maiden, he said—

"I *hope* you will be prepared! I *hope* so! I *hope* you will have some regard for *our* feelings; for, if you do, some regard may be had for *your* comfort."

The peculiar emphasis of this speech left no doubt upon Isabel's mind as to its meaning. She saw the man depart, and when he was gone she threw herself upon her cot and sobbed aloud.

Ere long afterwards Phillis came in, and when she saw her young mistress in such distress, she hastened to her side, and tenderly asked her what had happened. But Isabel could only draw the faithful creature more closely to her, and sob and weep afresh upon her bosom.

CHAPTER XII.

READY FOR THE BLOW!

The days were slipping away, and upon all hands anxiety was manifested. The month of August was giving itself up to the past with many a dark record for the genius of history. It was now the twenty-second, and the siege was slowly progressing. The British and Tories were elate with hope, for in a very few days at the furthest, the fort must be given up. They pushed their works with vigor, and were already making preparations for the disposition of their prisoners.

It was early in the day, and Nathan Bradbrook and his son stood apart from their companions, and conversed in low, earnest tones.

"It must be done to-day—at once," said the old man, emphatically.

"I am ready and willing; and more, too: I am as determined as yourself," returned Guy. "But how will she act? I don't want to stand up before the clergyman, and have my bride refuse to utter a word."

"Ah—but she won't refuse, Guy. I have just come from there, and I know she will not dare to refuse."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Of course I am. She has been made acquainted with what may be the result if she shows any offishness before the minister. But have no fear on that score. You may rest assured of her proper responses to the clergyman. If we delay it there is no telling what may happen. To-morrow we shall probably take the fort, and after that we may be on the move. This girl is a keen one, and may slip through our fingers before we know it. We must have her money as soon as possible."

"Are you sure her money is to be got at handily?" asked the son, with some doubt.

"Ah," returned the old man, "let me alone for that. I have had my eyes on that part of the business. Old Judson, the attorney who did all the business for both Carlton and myself, has the whole sum safe enough. It was originally deposited in New York; but when the British were likely to take possession of the city, Judson collected every penny of his own, and all under his charge, and made his way safely to Albany."

"How much has he belonging to Isabel?"

"Just fifty-seven thousand dollars. Carlton left what was valued at sixty thousand, but three thousand of it was in real and personal estate. We shall march from here to Albany, there to meet General Burgoyne, who has probably taken that city ere this."

"Then it's all right," responded the young man, with much satisfaction. "But mind you," he added, with an admonitory shake of the head, "you are not going to have the handling of all this money, nor of any great part of it."

"Tut, tut, my son, you forget yourself. How much property have I that must one day be yours? And beside, every penny I spend now, save what I use for my mere sustenance, goes as much towards your benefit as mine. *We* need the money, and *we* must have it as soon as possible. You may spend it, or I may spend it."

"All right—all right," cried Guy. "I only meant that you mustn't forget that the money was mine. I take the work, you know, and to me belong the spoils."

"Certainly, my boy. Only you must remember that for years I labored to secure this result. I saw that Carlton would have the most money, and I didn't want it to go out of the family."

"Never mind. It's all right. Before the sun sets I shall have a pretty wife, and be worth sixty thousand dollars. I think that'll do. Go—you may see the clergyman, and I'll put myself in trim for the occasion."

"I'll have all ready."

And with this the father and son separated, the former moving away towards St. Ledger's quarters, where the chaplain was, while the latter sought his own tent.

Isabel sat within the apartment which had been assigned for her use, and Phillis was by her side. The maiden had been weeping, but her eyes were now dry and swollen, and her cheeks very pale.

"Oh! my dear, good, lubly Miss Bella, don't ye go for to do no sich ting. I say—don't ye do it. If ye lub Mas'r Phil——"

"Hush, Phillis!" uttered Isabel, in a quick, startled tone. "Oh! if you love me, don't let that name pass your lips again until you hear it from mine."

"Forgib me, missus. I tought ye lubbed him—sartin true I did."

"Poor thing, you don't know of what you speak. Love him! Oh—would to God I did not! My heart would not be broken then."

The faithful servant gazed into her mistress's face for some moments with a wondering expression. Finally she said, in a low, earnest whisper:

"Bella—don't ye do it. Oh! why won't ye mind me!"

"Because I cannot. I must become his wife. I am wholly in his power."

"But ye needn't speak. Ef ye don't say nuff'n when de minister axes ye, 'Will ye be dis man's wife?' why—ye wouldn't be his wife, would ye?"

"You don't understand it, Phillis. My father's will thus disposes of me, and my own promise, given to him even as he was dying, binds me still more firmly. With these items of power in their possession, Nathan Bradbrook and his son can do with me as they please. I know them well. If I do not become his wife, I shall become——" Her voice sank to a low, fearful whisper, and her whole frame trembled, as she added—"Oh! I should be *worse—worse—worse!*"

"Wuss, Bella? Be wuss? For marcy's sake, how?"

"Can you not guess? Do you not know the deep villainy of both father and son? I am in their power—wholly, completely so. They have sworn that I shall be Guy's this very day. My silence can avail me nothing."

Phillis was upon the point of speaking in reply, but Isabel stopped her, and, while a sudden flush came to her face, and her form assumed a more decided attitude, she resumed,—

"Say no more upon this subject. If you know me as you should know me, you know that I would die ere I would submit to this foul union were it not that it is a plan of my father's. O—I may argue and reason as I will, but still the fact is before me, that my good father died with my promise almost reverberating in his ears that I would be the wife of Guy Bradbrook. Beyond that I cannot go with a strong heart. What my father might do now, were he living, is nothing to me. My promise is recorded; my father's solemn compact with Nathan Bradbrook is upon record. I know the appointed time has not yet come; but it must come soon. My keepers have a strong argument in favor of my being married now;—so strong, at all events, that it satisfies them. The die is cast, and I am—*lost!* But, Phillis—I shall not suffer long. My poor frame cannot long sustain the load of agony which is in store for me!—There—say no more."

The sympathizing servant pressed the fair hand of her mistress to her lips, and the big tears rolled down her swart cheeks.

"I won't say noff'n more," she sobbed. "I won't say noff'n more. I'll stay wid ye while ye lib, an' den I hope poor Phillis 'll die wid ye. Ah—ye won't live long, darlin'. When de rose fades away from dem cheeks; an' de fire goes out in dem eyes; an' de white brow aches from mornin' till night; an' yer heart beats wid pain all de time,—den ye won't lib long! Oh! I wish I could say sumf'n to make ye see—— But I won't say noff'n more. I won't, missus, sartin true. Only you'll neber send poor Phillis away, nor let dem wicked men send her off. Ye won't, will ye?"

"No, good Phillis. While we both live you shall remain with me; so fear not on that account."

Isabel had pondered upon the dark subject before her until every point had been weighed and examined, and she came to the painful conclusion that she must wed with the man to whom she had been so long affianced. She was in his power, and at a time, too, when there was no law to curb that power. In the camp the will of Bradbrook over her was absolute, and she knew that she must submit to the terrible ordeal, or sink into a state ten thousand times worse. When she saw her attendant bow her head and weep her own fount was re-opened, and she wept long and bitterly.

By-and-by Nathan Bradbrook came. He was dressed in a suit of black velvet, and his hair was powdered. He advanced to the maiden's side and sat down.

"Well, my dear, all is prepared," he said, without appearing to notice that she had been weeping, or that she was at all unhappy. "We have concluded to have the ceremony performed here. That will save you the trouble of going out; and, beside, you won't have to blush as you would if you stood up to be married in a strange place. Eh, my darling?"

He gave her a slight poke in the side with his thumb as he uttered this last sentence, and a coarse smile was upon his face. Isabel shrank from him, but she dared not speak as she felt. Reason overcame inclination, and she remained silent.

"Don't you like the idea?" the old Tory asked.

"I would rather it should be here, if it must be, than elsewhere, sir," she faintly replied.

"*If* it must be? Why—you are assured upon that point, I hope," said Bradbrook, with some severity.

The trembling girl gazed up into the strong man's face—a prayerful look of deepest agony dwelt upon her features—her hands were clasped—and her bosom swelled with conflicting emotions. There was a moment's pause, and then, while the moisture started suddenly to her eyes, she cried,—

"One word! Oh! in the name of Just Heaven, one word! Must this be? To you—to you who know us both—I appeal this last time. You know Guy loves me not. In his heart there is no fond affection for me. I do not love him. Oh. it is not my fault. I cannot help it. We have no control over the affections of the soul. You, sir, can save me if you will. My money you may have—every penny of it——"

"Stop, stop, girl!" interposed the Tory, with an angry gesture. "Have your money? Why—what do you take us for? Are we mere robbers? By the powers, my young lady, if you know when you are well off, your will never let another such sentence fall from your lips in my presence. *Your money!* No!—we want *you!* We want what is ours—what is Guy's—what your own father gave to us; and that we will have, rest assured! I shall not tell Guy what you have said. I would not so lacerate his feelings. He suffers enough now in his knowledge of your coldness towards him. But he hopes you will love him better after you shall have lived with him awhile. So you may let all this go in a lump, and now for the work in hand. The minister will be here in a very few minutes, and the work will soon be done. I just came in to inform you, so that you might be ready. Of course we shall have no delay."

For some moments after Nathan Bradbrook had gone the poor girl sat like one in a frightful dream. But at length she started from her seat, and sank upon her knees, and with her hands clasped, and her face turned toward Heaven, she uttered an earnest prayer:

"Oh, God, give me strength in this hour of trial! Be with me, and uphold me to the end! Sustain me in hope of happiness with Thee, and give me fortitude equal to the fearful passage before me! Be with and bless me, and soften the hearts of those who would do me harm. Bear with me for a little while, and then take me to Thyself, and give me a place with my loved parents, whom Thou hast already taken home. Grant my prayer, oh, Lord, and help me to remember Thee with love and gratitude, and with holy trust. Love me!—Love me!—Bless me!—Bless those who would do me ill! I ask it through my Saviour and Lord, Jesus Christ. *Amen!*"

A little while the maiden remained with her head bowed after she had ceased speaking, and then she arose to her feet. She was calm, now, and the old tremulousness was gone. She arranged her hair, and with the assistance of Phillis, prepared her dress for the occasion that was at hand. She was very pale—pale as death—but her step was firm, and her movements were decided.

When all was ready, she sat down, and, with her brow resting upon her hand, she gave one thought to Philip Lancey. She pronounced his name, and asked God to bless him. She knew he would forgive her; she hoped he would be happy—very happy. Ah! there was a quick tremor in her frame as this hope took form in her mind. How happy could she be, were it but permitted her to give happiness to Philip! For a moment she came very nigh losing the remarkable self-control she had gained; but she overcame the emotion, and once more she was firm.

Thus she sat when the arras was moved aside, and Nathan Bradbrook entered. He cast one glance upon Isabel, and then withdrew. In a few moments he returned, followed by Guy and the clergyman. This latter personage was a short, fat, red-faced man, named Shuldham. Whether he was any relative of Admiral Shuldham's we cannot say; but we can say that he resembled the admiral both in form, feature and habits. Like him, he was obese and dumpy, with a face expressive of the most gross sensualism, and like him, too, he was slovenly and careless in dress, even to repugnance. After the clergyman came two Tory soldiers—members of "Johnson's Greens"—who took their stations close by the entrance.

The dirty minister waddled up to where the maiden stood, and with a greasy smile, he said—

"Permit me, lady, to give you cheer. Let me congratulate you."

Isabel gazed up into the equivocal face of the domine, and the first glance assured her that Bradbrook had found a fit tool for his work. She could not have framed the speech to ask mercy at the hands of such a man.

"We are all ready," said the father of the bridegroom. "The witnesses are present, and the parties are waiting. When it suits you, we will proceed."

"When it suits *me*, we will proceed," remarked Guy, who seemed not to like the idea of having the whole busines taken out of his hands.

"But I thought you were ready, my son," said the old man, deferentially; for he had too much caution to allow the little flirt of his son to ruffle him then.

"I am ready now."

"And shall we proceed?"

"Yes."

Nathan Bradbrook moved to Isabel's side, and with a very long smile, took her hand.

"Come, my dear. It'll soon be over. Courage, now. You'll soon have a husband to love and protect you."

The maiden gave him her hand—she arose from her seat—and when he moved away, she followed him. Even Shuldham started when he saw the expression of the bride's face. Not that it was so pale, for it had been full as pale before; nor was it that the eyes were swollen, for they had worn the same appearance when he first came in. But those lustrous eyes had not assumed that vacant, deathly stare, nor had the lips been so cold and rigid. Was her reason going?

She resisted not. She was led to the side of her affianced, and her hand was clasped in his. Nathan saw that they stood properly, and then he moved back.

"Go on! Go on at once!" he whispered to the clergyman. "I fear she may faint!"

But she was not fainting then, for she heard every word the old Tory uttered, and each one was to her like the death-order, as it falls upon the ears of the condemned!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]

LADY CLAUDINE;

OR,

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON.

CHAPTER XVII.

Away over field, and ditch, and hedge, across pasture-land, mead and meadow, now threading the by-roads of a park, now swimming a stream, Brinsley Oakes went onward! And after him, over field, and ditch, and hedge, across pasture lands, mead and meadow, now threading the by-roads of a park, now swimming his horse across a stream, Sir Harry Dalton followed. One after another hedge or stream stopped the ill-mounted pursuers, and only the Police Chief, mounted on a long-winded, raw-boned racer, and a volunteer citizen from Bath, kept anywhere near Sir Harry. Along the main road, in sight, drove furiously, to keep up with the chase, Colonel Stanley, every now and then shouting in great excitement as he caught a fresh view of the fugitive, after losing sight of him temporarily. The country-folk, believing it a steeple-chase, looked on with admiration and applauded; but as they heard some of the pursuers, who had breath enough, shout "stop the highwayman!" some of them hurried from their ploughs and fields to take saddle and join in the chase. The whole country-side was soon up.

After the fifth mile, as Brinsley Oakes was crossing an open heath, and seeing that Sir Harry was entangled in a hedge, he stopped his horse still to give him breath, and preserve him for the fourteen miles yet before him. For one to have seen him seated easily on his horse, perfectly at rest, his eyes only fixed steadily on the movements of his pursuers, they would have supposed him wholly uninterested in the scene. The Police Chief at full speed passed Sir Harry, who had dismounted to drag his horse out, and pressed forward with spur and heel, believing that the horse of the pursued had given out, and that he intended to give himself up!

"Surrender!" he shouted, when within a hundred yards of him.

The only reply which Brinsley Oakes made to this demand was to half turn himself round in his saddle towards him, and level a pistol straight at his body, drawing deliberate sight upon him, with the finger pressing lightly upon the trigger.

In an instant the raw-boned racer was checked backward so forcibly as to fall upon his haunches, and stopped so suddenly withal, that his rider was hurled to the ground by his side.

With a derisive laugh the fugitive then patted his horse upon the neck, shouted to him fiercely (for Sir Harry was again upon his horse), and urged him onward with a speed that left them far behind. The momentary breathing which he had given his horse, now told in the rider's favor. The Chief of Police, recovering his seat, continued his pursuit, but Sir Harry got ahead of him. The latter now heard close behind him the sound of horsemen, and with pleasure recognized Lord Argyll, splendidly mounted, riding after him, accompanied by his servant, as well mounted.

"God be thanked, Sir Harry, that you are in pursuit! All depends on our horses, as all others have fallen behind!"

"The devil is in him, Lord Argyll. He is as cool and self possessed as if he were Satan himself!"

"And so he is. He has murdered his wife!"

"Lady Claudine!"

"With poison! She lies dead at her home."

"God of mercy! let not this man—this assassin—this fiend escape us!"

"Pray Heaven he do not!"

And both gentlemen pressed forward. In vain, as they came where there were country people, they shouted, "stop the murderer!" for they, supposing it a cross-country ride for a wager, and not hearing the call to them till the fugitive had already passed, they could do nothing.

For an hour and a half Brinsley Oakes kept the lead of his pursuers, now reining up to relieve his horse with a brief breathing spell, when they were far behind, and now spurring onward again as they came up. Fortunately, fourteen miles from the city, they came in sight of a score of gentlemen, grouped on a distant hill, whose red coats, and the hounds with them, Sir Harry knew were fox-hunters out for a coursing.

"Now there is aid for us!" cried Lord Argyll. "That must be the Earl of Denby and his friends, for these are his domains. See! they will intercept him, for he must go near them."

"Look! the fellow is riding straight for them! He is ours! No! Was ever such audacity? He has dashed close past them at top speed, given them the military salute, and is over the hill out of sight. That is masterly!"

"He has the impudence, as well as wickedness, of Lucifer himself. They have taken our pursuit for a steeple-chase, and he has given color to their opinion; for if he had avoided them they would have suspected something, but his bold confidence has removed suspicion."

"We shall be up with them and tell them different," said Sir Harry. "See! they wave us on! They believe, as I said, that we ride for a wager!"

"My lords—gentlemen!" cried Lord Argyll, dashing up to them, many of whom he knew, with great excitement, and all his emotions visible in his features, "join in the pursuit! Your horses are fresh! The man is a murderer!"

"He is the highwayman who robbed Colonel Stanley!" cried Sir Henry Dalton. "Spur, my lords! He is escaped from justice!"

"He has murdered my sister—his wife—Lady Claudine!" gasped, in a voice full of tears, Lord Argyll. "For God's sake, gentlemen, let him not reach the coast!"

"Ride, gentlemen all!" cried the Earl of Denby. "Let us to-day give up the fox for the assassin!"

The chase now took a very different aspect. Between twenty and thirty freshly mounted men, among them some of the best riders in the world, now joined with a loud hunter's "Tally-ho" in the pursuit.

Brinsley Oakes, though long celebrated for his fearless horsemanship in the army, now looked back with dismay. He had five or six miles yet before him! His horse was feeling already the effects of a run of fourteen miles over uneven ground.

"But I must reach Brind's or die for it!" he said through his closed teeth, with an expression of desperation. "I must ride now for it! And if my horse carry me to the ruin, he may fall dead as I leap from him! Forward!" he shouted as he looked back, and saw the hill-side a quarter of a mile behind him red with scarlet coats, as if the avengers of blood were indeed upon him! Their shouts appalled his ears. The deep bay of thirty dogs made his blood run cold; for he knew his pursuers would not spare him any sooner than they would a hunted fox! His fears of instant retribution aroused all his energies. He became mad with wild desire to escape; and shouted to his horse, and struck him sharply in the shoulder with the point of his naked dagger, till his mane and neck were red with blood! The horse became frightened and mad like its master, and bounded along the earth in great, phrenzied leaps, like the wild and terrified steed to which Mazeppa was bound!

At length the forest, half a league in the depth of which was the ruin he sought, was entered by him. But, in a moment afterwards, Lord Argyll and Sir Harry, who had exchanged horses with others, and the Earl, and half a dozen gentlemen, followed him into it! It was now a close and terrific flight for his life! He had no time to turn in his saddle and menace his pursuers with his pistol, and having broken it off at the stock with the blows upon his horse's head, it was useless to him; yet he rode with it in one hand. and his dagger in another, his arms outstretched, and coursing madly onward, as if he were a demon driven by indignant angels towards the gates of his own hell!

Close around him the hounds, who had caught the fierce fury of their masters, and entered full into the spirit of the scene, bayed and howled, leaping like wolves to snap at him, and striving, by fastening their teeth in his horse's legs, to drag the agonized and scared animal to the ground! Nor did lord or gentleman raise a voice forbidding this; for, Brinsley Oakes, each one felt, had by his crimes placed himself beyond the mercy of his fellow men!

The murderer was now driven to madness, and seized with terror, as he saw that the dogs—whose numbers and fierceness were each instant increasing around him—would be permitted to drag him from his horse as bloodhounds would pull down a tiger!

He fought them on either hand, striking at them with his broken pistol and dagger, uttering the while dreadful cries, and, wounding two of them, the rest became ungovernably ferocious, and the poor horse, being powerfully seized by the hams, shrieked with terror and pain, and yet was urged forward towards the ruin, which was now close before the fugitive. But ere the open space of open field around it was half compassed, Lord Argyll was alongside of him, among the dogs, and tried to seize the rein of his horse; but a blow from his dagger wounded his arm, and a back blow of the same weapon struck to the heart a powerful dog who had grasped him by the thigh!

"Forward! A few bounds more, and I escape their vengeance!" he shouted to his horse, striking the ensanguined dagger deep into his neck. "Forward! Better cast myself upon the mercy of devils than fall into the hands of these men!"

The horse, feeling the sharp and deep wound, leaped at a bound far ahead of the dogs. Brinsley Oakes, shaking the bridle aloft, and waving his armed hand, looked back and, laughing loudly and derisively, cried:

"I escape your vengeance, my Lord! Lady Claudine was my mistress—never my wife! For I have a wife now alive! and you will find her and the priest who married us in the old castle! Good-bye, my Lord! I have had my revenges, and now cheat the gallows! One more leap, good horse!" he shouted. "Farewell, my Lords! Your game escapes you!"

Thus shouting back—as the gentlemen, calling to one another loudly to rein up, as a cliff was before them, drew back their horses—he raised his dagger and plunged it before all eyes deep into his breast! and the same instant horse and rider disappeared from their appalled eyes over the edge of the cliff upon which the old castle was built!

There was a general outburst of horror, mingled with angry disappointment. So sudden was the awful leap, that three or four of the dogs took it with the horse, and Lord Argyll and Sir Harry barely drew rein in time to save themselves from following him.

There was a simultaneous and horribly expectant silence; and then came up to their ears, from three hundred feet below, the splash of the awful fall into the sea of horse and horseman!

They drew near with awe, and gazed down. All that could be seen was a mangled hound, striving to gain one of the rocks; and the surf rolled in and told no tale of the dread secret over which it roared its hoarse requiem, to be revealed only when the sea shall give up its dead!

A BRIEF CONCLUSION OF OUR TALE.

That the clergyman and poor Katharine Cecil were liberated; that the assertion of Brinsley Oakes, ere he leaped the cliff, was confirmed by them, to the anguish, shame, and indignation of Lord Argyll and all others; that the woman and her husband in the tower were arrested, and confession of the mode of the murder drawn from her before her execution, need not be more especially told to our readers; nor the ultimate arrest and transportation of Brind, the smuggler.

Nor need we assure the reader that Sir Charles was married to Emma Stanley, after a year given to mourn his sister, whose death, had it been wilful murder, he felt would have been a blessing to her, rather than she should have lived to hear of her dishonor. Poor Katharine never recovered her reason; but after a few months, in a wintery night, was found dead upon Salisbury Plains, wrapped in a winding sheet of snow, with which "the good angels which had come down to meet her released spirit, had," said Andrew, "covered her." Her son, Reuben, still remains a shepherd, contented, and not knowing another condition; and he is become the husband of Hetty, who makes him a valuable wife; and as she is some years his senior, she presumes upon this to keep him in wholesome subjection. That Mary and Thomas were married is a matter of course, as our readers will clearly perceive; and the kindness of Lord Argyll has set him up respectably in the little inn at Welton. Jake is now the grave-digger at the Welton church, but keeps secret the fact that he had been bribed by Brinsley Oakes to get for him an impression of the locks of the vestry-room, on the day of the night he entered it to deface the register of his marriage. As for the African, finding that his master was pursued by the law, and fearing for himself, he made his way to London and shipped on a foreign vessel for a port unknown.

The memory of the extraordinary crimes which have formed the ground of our tale, remains yet vividly in the recollection of those who heard the circumstances, and knew the parties. The moral to be deduced from it is, that neither birth nor riches, nor position, will bar men, who want principle and force of character to resist temptation, from committing crimes, if the motive be pressing enough; and that at one crime man never stops, save by the merciful interposition of help sought from a higher Power, for the nature of crime is to repeat itself—and the first demands another one to screen it. A crime, as this story clearly illustrates, creates a network of unforeseen circumstances, which it is impossible for the evil-doer to disentangle himself from, without resorting to another—and so on the chain of crime is, link by link, forged and bound about the feet and hand, until the guilty wretch either falls helpless into the hands of avenging and retributive men, or by suicide, into the hands of Him, who will, by no means, let the guilty go unpunished.

THE END.

STILL INFLATED.

Contracted and contracting though currency and trade may be, hoops, crinoline and flounces, expand as hugely as ever. Our fashionable trade-places are thronged, in spite of suspension and wreck, with gay women, dipping as deeply as ever into their purses or their credit for extravagant dress and luxurious living. Banks may break and merchant princes fail, still fashion and habit are inexorable, and so the masque of vanity and folly moves on. To support it in the years that are past, our people have over-traded, over-speculated, and finally run their funds and their credit into the ground. Must the screws be turned again and again, ere we have an end of this mad, criminal way of life. Mad, because it is in conflict with all that is sensible and rational—criminal, because it brings, sooner or later, always, evil and misery upon multitudes, who have no direct part or lot in it. Verily, one would think these times enough to sober the most frivolous. Let those who move in the van of society beware what example they set to those in the rear—beware lest they call down anathemas loud and deep from the suffering, whose want and despair their luxury aggravates and insults. Let not the poor have it to say—even though they should cry "bread or blood"—that the rich are their tempters or their foes. Let fashion chasten herself into a decency becoming the hour, and let the living of all bear a fitting analogy to the common means.

Merited Retort.—Madame D. had a magnificent cat; M. de C. amused himself one day by killing it, for want of something else to shoot. Madame D. caused to be set in her own house, and in the houses of her friends, all sorts of mouse-traps; and when three or four hundred mice were caught, she had them put into a box, which was forwarded to Madame de C., at her country house. The lady eagerly opened the box herself, expecting to find in it some new *modes*: the mice jumped out, and presently filled the house; while at the bottom of the box was found a note directed to Madame de C.: "Madame, your husband has killed my cat—I send you my mice."

A Chinese widow being found fanning the tomb of her deceased husband, and being asked the cause of so singular a mode of showing her grief, accounted for it by saying that he had made her promise not to marry again while the mortar on his tomb remained damp; and as it dried but slowly, she saw no harm in aiding the operation.

Why is a fine woman like a locomotive? Because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, transports the mails (males), and makes us forget time and space.

THE RHYME OF THE LADY MADELINE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Come and listen to the summer wind that sweeps so sweetly by,
And whispers to the waiting flowers its tidings from the sky.

It gives them joyous greeting from their sisters in the stars,
And yields some pleasant music as it sweeps their pendant bars;

It tells of sunny lands where night, with all its train of ills,
Is never known to steal the light from off the azure hills;

It tells of happy islands in the far off realm of air—
Lovely as the isles Avilion, with no track to guide them there;

And of how the singing voices evermore in anthem rise,
Till their melody, like incense, reaches to the upmost skies;

Reaches upward, reaches outward, like an overflowing tide,
Till it sweeps the vast expanses of the region glorified.

Come and listen to it, Lady; for a season lay aside
All your haughtiness of birth, and your heritage of pride;

I—a singer; you—a lady; and our listeners—the flowers,
The wind, the angels, and the stars in yonder azure bowers.

I will touch my lute-strings lightly, altho' many memories throng,
Rich as argosies from Ophir, on the flowing waves of song.

I will sing a simple ditty,—such as troubadours have rolled
From their lips, for royal ladies, in the romance days of old.

And when stars are bending downward to this wondrous world of ours,
And are holding pleasant converse with the angels in the flowers—

When the sweet Pleiade sisters seem to beckon and beseech,
Asking after one who wanders out of sight and out of reach,—

When about us, and above us, an enchanted silence falls,
Like the spell that ever lingers around ruined castle walls,—

Then my lips will break the seal that has held my secret well,
And as angels will, so you will, Lady, listen while I tell

How my hopes have built them castles on the pleasant isles of Time,
Flashing in a cheerful sunlight, in a perfect Eden clime,—

And how Promise, like the star of old the wise rejoiced to see,
Kept ever leading onward, till it led me—unto thee.

Unto thee, Lady Madeline. I have humble gifts of myrrh,
And offerings of frankincense are with the worshipper.

And I bend the knee in homage, peerless Lady Madeline,
And, beneath the summer starlight, ask of thee a single sign

Droop your eyelids, raise your white hand, or unseal your coral lips—
But sit not like Memnon's statue, where the Nile o'er white sand slips;

Cold as any Arctic iceberg—cold and voiceless all, as they,
Drifting, in their stately grandeur, into regions of Cathay.

Silent still! I wait all vainly for an answer to my quest;
I have sought the eagle's eyry, but no bird is in the nest.

I have reared a glorious image; but it lies in ruins now,
For I read the scorn you bear me on the white page of your brow.

I will leave your royal presence; but wherever you may stand—
In the circles of the noble, in the castles of the land—

You will still behold the vision, tho' you tightly shut your eyes
When the flowers were in bloom, and the angels in the skies

Were bending gladly downward from their shining homes above,
And with the stars were listening to earnest words of love,

That only met a silence, which gave no consenting sign,
But sent the pleading pilgrim to Disappointment's shrine.

And, if Memory is faithful to her mission, you shall know,
That your heritage of pride hath its sure demesne of wo;

And ever and forever you will ask—but all in vain—
A renewal of the pleading that shall never come again.

CLOUDS.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S EXPERIENCE.

When Stephen Holmes and Grace Lee were married, all their friends and acquaintances predicted for them a life of more than ordinary happiness. In birth, education, wealth and position they were equals; their natural and acquired tastes were similar; their views in religion, and on all the great moral questions of the day, were harmonious; they were married with the full approval of their nearest relatives, and they were devotedly attached to each other. Surely one would look almost vainly for other elements of domestic happiness.

Hand in hand the two—these happy young lovers, "forsaking all others," went out together from the homes of their youth. The sunlight of hope fell brightly upon the path on which they placed their willing feet, and they feared no obscuring clouds. How beautiful life seemed to "the two made one," as, side by side, they gazed in fancy down its long vistas.

The pleasant excitement of bridal presents and bridal tour were over at last, and then followed the bustle of getting settled in their own house. Before the honeymoon had waned, Grace was a housekeeper—the daintiest and sweetest that Stephen ever saw, as he assured her at least half a dozen times daily. Grace had been carefully instructed by her excellent mother in that most useful of all womanly accomplishments, housewifery, and though she had plenty of servants, she was careful to look after all their doings, and to let her taste and love of order make itself apparent in all her household arrangements. Stephen had always lived in his father's house until his marriage, and his habits were domestic to a greater degree than most young men of his acquaintance. His mother was well pleased to see that he loved his own home even better than he had loved hers.

"Well, this is comfortable!" said Stephen, as, on the first chill autumn evening after his marriage, he entered the parlor on his return from business.

Grace had met him at the door, and, with his arm thrown lightly around her, the pair came into the parlor, where a bright coal fire was burning, throwing ruddy gleams upon the walls, and making the polished furniture and the gilded frames of the pictures glow through the twilight gloom of the apartment. The two came and stood silently upon the rug, gazing at the fire, until Stephen spoke suddenly.

"Grace, dear, I brought home the new book you were speaking of this morning. I quite enjoy the thought of reading it to you this evening, beside this bright fire."

"But, Stephen, you know we are engaged this evening to Mrs. Graham," replied Grace.

"Engaged, are we? How stupid! These everlasting parties are becoming a terrible bore. What is the use of a fellow having a pretty wife and a pleasant home, if he is to leave the one every evening, and go to exhibit the other to a staring, stupid crowd? Can't we stay at home this evening, Grace?" said Stephen, casting a rueful glance at the brilliant fire and the beautiful room, and his own particular green velvet arm-chair, in his chosen corner.

"No, dear, I think not. The party is given expressly for us, and Mrs. Graham is one of mamma's oldest and dearest friends."

"But can't you send a 'regret'—something about 'indisposition,' &c.? I am sure I have a very decided indisposition for going."

"You horrid punster!" said Grace, tapping his cheek with her fair fingers, and following the infliction with a kiss. "I would not send a 'regret' if I had a reasonable excuse, after this. You shall cure your indisposition by dancing with the prettiest woman at Mrs. Graham's to-night."

"Which of course would be my own Grace," the lover-husband answered, and added, as the waiter threw open the door and announced dinner, "Beware, you incorrigible little gad-about, that you don't lead your husband into habits of dissipation, and make him prefer any place to his home."

"Ah, there is no danger of that," answered Grace, smiling, and looking up lovingly into her husband's handsome face, "the lazy fellow prefers slippers and a dressing-gown, and a seat in his own chimney-corner, too much for that."

"Add, the society of his little wife," said Stephen, as he took his place at table.

The words had been lightly uttered, but in after times their memory returned to Grace like a mournful prophecy of evil.

Nevertheless, for many an autumn evening the two sat by their own pleasant fireside, or welcomed their friends there, and felt and feared no change. That was when all the parties to the bride had been given, and Stephen and Grace Holmes had subsided into a quiet married pair.

Among the young friends of Grace, who had married, were more than one whose husbands had contracted, while single, habits very different from those of Stephen Holmes. More than once Grace heard their position contrasted with her own more fortunate one, and when she looked upon the pale, anxious faces of the once blooming girls, who had been her companions before the responsibilities and the cares of life had been assumed, she often congratulated herself upon her own happiness, and her heart swelled proudly with confidence that nought could mar her prospects.

She knew that she was not one patiently to bear neglect; but she did not fear it, for months passed, the first anniversary of her marriage had been celebrated, and still Stephen was the same devoted and attached husband.

But, as was inevitable, there came at length a slight change. Grace was still to Stephen the first earthly object; he had literally forsaken all to cleave unto her, but the power of old habits is very strong.

The second winter of their marriage came, and Grace was confined almost entirely to the house by indisposition. Stephen was the most attentive of husbands, but Grace thought it a little hard that he should sometimes talk of the claims of society, and leave her with her mother or sisters, and go to spend an evening at a party, or with some of his bachelor acquaintances. She forgot that she was sometimes a little feeble and querulous—that she constantly declared herself too nervous to have any company in the house—that she often left her husband to sit solitary in her chamber, or to hold there mysterious conferences with one of the mammas, or some matron of her acquaintance, while Stephen dozed over his newspaper, and yawned away the long hours until bedtime.

If she had been a little more reasonable, she would not have wondered that Stephen sought, occasionally, to change the monotony of life by going into society; or, by seeking the bachelor apartments of some of his friends, to indulge in the one forbidden pleasure of his home—a good cigar.

But Grace was equally jealous of Stephen's bachelor friends, and the fascinations of the Virginia weed. She would have been jealous of anything which diverted Stephen's thoughts for an instant from herself. Poor Stephen began to meet cold looks upon the face which once, not long before, had worn only smiles for him, and had been the sunshine of his heart. The little cloud was gathering over the life-path of the wedded pair.

In the spring Grace removed to the country residence of her father-in-law. Two or three times during each week Stephen came to visit her, and gradually the clouds cleared away from their loving hearts. At length the sunlight burst upon them, as their joyful hopes arrived at fruition when Grace became the mother of a little son. Both parents were too happy to give one thought to the slight misunderstandings of the past winter; but if the thought had intruded it would have been banished when the eye rested upon the little creature who had come to be a new and stronger link between their already united hearts.

Winter came again, and the family were settled in their city home. The health of Grace was delicate, and she was devoted to her babe. She declined society, and seemed to grudge every moment of absence from the nursery.

It was a lovely sight—that fair, young mother bending fondly over the baby that had already learned to know her, and that would lie for hours in her arms, with its pretty eyes fixed upon her face, and the expression of perfect peace upon its delicate features, that so seldom is seen upon the human countenance after the period of early childhood is past.

In her devotion to her child, Grace no longer made her husband the first object of her cares and affections. She often left him quite alone through the long winter evenings, while she sat in the nursery and watched her sleeping babe, where she would not allow him to come lest he should disturb its slumbers. Stephen's social nature was powerful and intense, and made constant demands for companionship. He was not especially fond of intellectual employment. He cared little for books, unless the treasures they unfolded were shared. He was by no means wanting in an intelligent appreciation of what he read, but his mind was, to a certain extent, inert, and needed to be roused by the sympathy of a quicker intelligence.

So the evenings seemed dreary after he had yawned through the columns of the evening paper. He grew dull in the unnatural stillness of the house, where all sounds not actually necessary were forbidden by the natural solicitude of Grace. He could not help contrasting his large empty parlors, beautiful and exquisitely ordered as the housewifery of Grace still caused them to be, with the cheerful home sitting-room—the "mother's room," where parents and brothers and sisters gathered every evening in a cheerful intelligent circle, where there was sprightly conversation, entertaining looks, and, above all, music which he dearly loved.

So, often, he would go out and find himself ringing at his father's door, and coming into the old circle with a gladness marred by a sort of alien feeling that showed that he was no longer entirely in harmony with those who gathered there. The new interests, the other home had divided him from the associations of his childhood and youth, and it was quite impossible that he should ever be perfectly reinstated there.

Sometimes Grace would come down to seek him, and find the parlor quite deserted, the gas turned down, the cheerful glow of the fire buried beneath the gathering ashes, and Stephen's tall green chair looming black, in the dimness, from his favorite corner. She would go away with a frown, and when Stephen came home, anxious to tell her something of the cheerful doings at his father's, he would usually find her in too deep a slumber to hear his voice.

"I cannot imagine," said Grace, in a fretful tone, to the elder Mrs. Holmes, who had accompanied her to the nursery to look at the babe, "I cannot imagine why Stephen should wish to go home every evening. I do every thing in my power to make his own home pleasant to him. I see that there is a bright fire, and his newspaper, and dressing gown, and slippers ready for him before he comes home. It is true I have to go to the nursery after dinner, but when I go down later in the evening, I find the parlor deserted, while Mr. Stephen, as I learn next morning, has 'just run round to mother's.' It is mortifying to me that he should find his old home so much more attractive than mine."

Mrs. Holmes made no reply, for she saw that Grace was not in a state of mind to be reasoned with, and she was aware, also, that young wives are sometimes jealous of the interference of a mother-in-law.

The conversation turned upon other subjects, and the elder lady soon took her leave. Before she reached home she had resolved to speak to Stephen upon the subject, at the first opportunity. She did so, forbearing to blame Grace, but urging her son to endeavour to persuade his wife to devote more time to him, during his evenings at home, and sometimes to leave the child in charge of its really excellent nurse and accompany him into society.

Stephen shook his head ruefully, for he was sure, from having met frequent refusals, that his persuasions would be unavailing.

"Grace thinks it her duty, mother," he said, "to devote herself to little Arthur; and when once she plants herself upon the word 'duty,' there's no moving her. My evenings, meanwhile, are confoundedly dull. I can hear the ticking of my watch and the beating of my heart, she keeps the house so still, and all for fear the little fellow, whose slumbers she is watching, should be wakened. I'm used to conversation, and music, and something lively of evenings, and I can't endure sitting there alone, so it's not to be wondered at, I come here, especially as Grace won't let me sit in the nursery with her, where I could get a peep at the baby myself."

"But, Stephen, I really think you should not leave your own home to come here so often. I would not have Grace feel that our influence over you was greater than her own."

"She knows well that nobody has half the influence over me that she has. But I do think she has no right to complain, if she leaves me alone, that I seek other society."

In this unsatisfactory manner the conversation ended. Stephen came less often to his mother's, but his evenings were seldom spent at home. Night after night Grace came down to find the parlor empty. He ceased to inform her where his time was spent, and the frown that had been wont to momentarily distort the fair brow of Grace became permanent. In proud silence she forbore to ask any questions, while her husband with equal pride went silently upon the course he had adopted.

Mrs. Lee saw that a cloud had arisen in the horizon of her daughter's happiness, and soon detected its cause. But her advice to her daughter was as little heeded as that of Mrs. Holmes to her son.

It was not until rumors began to be rife, in the circles in which the three families moved, of Stephen's unusual attentions to a young lady, who had but recently become a resident in the city, but who brought, from her former home, the reputation of an unscrupulous flirt, that she felt impelled to speak as with authority.

Even then the rumor was carefully hidden from Grace, but, awed by her mother's unusual earnestness, she consented to accompany her husband to a party given by one of their friends. Stephen seemed surprised and a little embarrassed when she announced her intention of going to the party. But he expressed himself as pleased, and evidently was so.

Miss Lowe was very beautiful, and she possessed that deferential manner, coupled with the affectation of a sweet timidity and lack of confidence in her powers of pleasing, that so often fascinates, by the most covert and insinuating of flatteries, those of the stronger and would-be wiser sex. Stephen had been attracted by her beauty, and the evident, though modest delight with which she listened to his conversation, which from her manner he thought must be much more agreeable than his friends were wont to find it, chained him to her side, evening after evening, as he met her in society.

His vanity was flattered, and he began to think that Grace was not so appreciative of his wisdom and conversational talents, as she ought to be, for even in their days of courtship she had often expressed her dissent from his opinions. Still, he never dreamed of being in love with Miss Lowe. Grace was dearer to him than any one beside, but he thought she had no right to complain if he made pleasant acquaintances to solace the hours that would otherwise have been so lonely.

Soon after Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Holmes arrived at the house of their friend, on the evening in question, Miss Lowe entered. Her eye sought Stephen, but he was standing by his wife, who was in conversation with a group of friends who were eagerly welcoming her back to the circle. He did not observe Miss Lowe, and she began very soon to feel that a decided step must be taken, or all she had gained would be lost. She cared nothing for Stephen, but she liked to win homage, so she soon passed him, and carelessly said—

"Good evening, Mr. Holmes, I have come prepared to listen to the remainder of that delightful narrative you commenced at Mrs. Archer's on Thursday evening. It was so interesting that I have scarcely thought of anything else since, and have begged to hear the conclusion."

Stephen felt very much flattered, and his face expressed that feeling, as he bowed in reply to Miss Lowe's little speech. He hastily excused himself to his wife, who was speaking to a friend, and then, offering his arm to Miss Lowe, moved away. Grace turned just in time to see him bending down and listening with pleased attention to the remarks of the very beautiful girl who leaned upon his arm.

She turned very pale, and was forced to sit down, but by a mighty effort she concealed her emotion from all eyes save those of her ever-watchful mother. She continued her conversation, after a moment's pause, but her gaze wandered continually toward the window where her husband and Miss Lowe were seated, Stephen talking earnestly, and Miss Lowe's beautiful eyes raised occasionally to meet his with an expression of rapt attention. The evening wore slowly and painfully away to poor Grace, and the moment she reached home she rushed to the nursery, threw herself upon her knees beside the cradle of her child, and gave way to a burst of passionate tears.

"My child! my child!" she exclaimed wildly, "thy love only is left me. That which I vainly believed was to brighten all my life, undimmed by any earthly chance or condition, has already been given lightly to another. Oh, baby! thy mother is very miserable!"

She remained there a long time before she was able to think collectedly. Then she remembered the words her mother had whispered in her ear, at parting.

"Grace, your husband's vanity only is pleased as yet! He loves you still, and you hold your happiness in your own hands. See to it, that you do not carry your ideas of one duty so far as utterly to lose sight of another more important."

The thought calmed her, for the words had an assurance and a prophecy. All night she lay restlessly, sometimes bitterly reproving herself for the past, sometimes making tearful resolutions for the future. Long before the morning light her course had been determined upon.

Stephen seemed a little surprised when, after breakfast, instead of hurrying off to the nursery, she remained with him until he was ready to go to his business, and then put up her pale face for a farewell kiss. The pale face struck him accusingly, and after he had gone out, and was walking down town, he wondered to himself if she had been hurt by his attentions to Miss Lowe.

But at evening he was doomed to a still greater surprise.

"Are you going out this evening, Stephen?" asked Grace, as they sat at dinner. "I went out to day and bought the book that Mr. A. was speaking about last night, and I have been hoping you would read it to me this evening."

Stephen's eyes brightened, and then he looked a little embarrassed.

"I am sorry, Grace, but I promised to meet Larkins at his room, at eight o'clock; till then I am at your service, however. I can read for an hour to you if you like."

"But I must go to the nursery first, for half an hour. Perhaps you would like to come, too. Baby has a fine play every night before he goes to sleep."

Stephen, feeling very happy, went up stairs with Grace. Baby was exceedingly wide awake, and obstinately determined to finger every button on his father's waistcoat and coat—to untie his cravat, and pull his hair and whiskers—to say nothing of sticking his little fat fingers in his father's eyes. When at length he was undressed, and lay in his mother's arms, he started up, times innumerable, wide awake and quivering all over with irrepressible glee, and wonderfully pleased with his father's shouts of laughter. It was fully eight o'clock before he was finally laid to his peaceful sleep in his little cradle.

Grace looked at her watch as they went down stairs.

"It is eight o'clock already, Stephen, so we must give up the reading to-night."

"No, indeed, my love; I am not going out to-night. I'll make some excuse to Larkins, but I prefer staying at home with my little wife. What say you, Grace—do you want me to go?"

I suppose he understood that she did not, though she spoke not a word. At any rate, he stayed at home, and Larkins was disappointed in the engagement Stephen had made to go and introduce him to Miss Lowe. This latter fact he wisely kept to himself, and Grace was quite as happy, no doubt, as if she had been informed.

Grace commenced from that day nicely to balance her duties. She endeavored, thenceforth, not to promote the comfort or happiness of one member of her family at the expense of another's. She learned that a true man needs something more to perfect the realization of his ideal of a home than well-ordered rooms and bodily comforts. He requires companionship, and appreciation of his spiritual and intellectual needs as well. She saw, at length, how her happiness and the happiness of those most dear to her were her own most precious charge; and well and wisely, thenceforth, she endeavored to meet the multiplied requirements of those highest of earthly positions, for a true womanhood,—the wife—the mother—the household guide. The clouds were rent away, and through the blue arch that lovingly spanned her life, shone down the sun of joy.

A WORD FOR POOR WOMEN.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Agitation! reform! progress! are the watch-words of the day. Change, with its hand of power, seems to have grasped the very foundations of things, and to be shaking the most established ossifications of the world from their proud and calm security. There is shaking and quaking above and below; signs in the heavens, voices in the temples, and anon there will be swinging wide gates that no mortals can shut. There is now, more emphatically than ever before, but *one* single Rock on which a man can plant his feet, and be secure from overthrow. But one Anchor which will not slide, one Trust that will not fail when tested. And this is, we suppose, as it should be; there *must* be overturns and overturns till *all* things are established on the immutable foundations of right, *then* there will be no farther subversions of accustomed forms of life and society—no farther change than what is involved in everlasting progression and improvement. So we cry, God speed the reformations! and may there be added to the list of institutions which are to be abolished, *the institution of women*. Not from lordly parlors, where, from the lofty walls, the light of pictures streams, and on whose air the tones of music float; not from deep-curtained and luxurious chambers, do we utter this petition, but from damp cellars, dim basements, bare and barren chambers; from the work-shop, the office, the cold, bleak streets, and the dirty alleys, aye, and from the gilded haunts of vice does the cry arise, "Abolish, oh, ye whose lips have grown into the shape of the words 'reform' and 'justice,' abolish the institution of women!" Too long has the earth groaned with their groaning; too long has society been wet with the blood of their souls, and too long have they lived to give the lie to all the promises of Hope.

Abolish the institution! What use is it, save to perpetuate misery? Down with the haggard brows, the hopeless eyes, the joyless hearts—down with them! Cover them with dust—why should they defile the sunshine? They are all faint and weary—they were better beneath the sod.

It is enough to sicken one with disgust of the world, to hear the *cant of happiness* which *men* pour out like water, thinking, with that mock orange dust, to satisfy the thirst of souls.

How sweetly the poets sing, forsooth, of joy and happiness, of hope and pleasure, and of looking always on "the sunny side" of life.

The sunny side of life to a poor woman is (by great good fortune) the opportunity to work as long as strength permits it, for such wages as shall keep her in food and raiment, indeed; but *holden* to a grade of society upon which all whose intercourse she aspires—at least, *desires*—to enjoy, look coldly down, and which is often as uncongenial to her as it is to them—is the chance to go early to work and late to rest; to be shut out from all elevating pursuits and enjoyments; to plod in this same dead, hopeless round till the springs of life fail, and then to die, among strangers, perhaps, or in the poor-house, and to be buried, none can tell where.

"Sunny," indeed! no hope of rising for the working-*woman*. The *boy* in the gutter may confidently expect future wealth, position, and ease—he may become judge or president; but his sister—ah! no hope is set before *her*, save everlasting labor and subjection, or *dependence on others*. Now, we submit, what do *men* know of discouragement? What right have *they*, who stand, winged and strong, on the sunny top of the hill of life, to look downward, and shaking their heads reprovingly, rebuke their sisters who must through life be walking among the shadows at its base? How does it sound to hear them saying to those who have, and can have no higher hope in life than five or six dollars a week—

"You should look on the bright side of things; and *smile and sing*, instead of sighing and weeping so sore. 'Tis the *disposition*, not the *circumstances*, that makes happiness!"

Ah! is it so, my gentleman of the round face and full purse? Just *come down here* and see. Be homeless, wifeless, childless; have pains in your heart which circle outward through all your frame; have poor lodgings, poor food, and poor company, and to all this add the knowledge that *for life* this is to be your position; and then see what you'll think of dispositions and circumstances!

If you are of a high-toned spirituality you can, in a great measure, lift yourself above the things of time, and have joy in the surety that a happy home awaits you when you are worn out here, and that *there* those who are really no more than your peers will not look in cold indifference or scorn upon you, when you are come by desire towards them; but even if helped thus by a spirit not of this world, you will be very apt, so often as you are hungry or lonesome, or your taste and your sensitiveness are offended, and so often as you reflect how many years this may endure, to feel a sinking of heart, a chill of despondency, and you will inevitably come to a full appreciation of the spirit with which we cry from out the smothering muck and moil of life's great work-shop—*not* "let us vote! let us rule, let us contend in the forum!" *But* "give us the hope and the power of attaining to *independence*, or *abolish the institution of* (poor) *women!*"

PYRENEAN BEARS AND WOLVES.

Both bears and wolves are now becoming rarer and rarer in the Pyrenees, and the yearly diminishing numbers are retreating to still wilder and more inaccessible haunts. The appearance of a bear in a district comparatively easy to get at, is the signal for a general hunt, which usually ends in his destruction. The wolves are more numerous, and much more dreaded by the shepherds as destroyers of stock. The bear, they say, never kills sheep wantonly, and very seldom more than one at a time. The wolves, after their hunger is appeased, will go on killing and mangling from mere thirst for blood. A comparatively small flock will slaughter a hundred sheep in a night. Neither wolf nor bear will, under ordinary circumstances, attack a man.

It is in the time of very severe winters, when hunger drives the brutes out of the snow-covered wilderness, that they are really dangerous. A little glen, not more than a dozen miles from Pau, was the scene of a tragedy marked by a feature of horrible reality. A peasant had left the town in the afternoon, during a time of long-continued snow, to return to his home among the hills. He was attacked by a wandering troop of wolves. His cries and their howlings were heard in several cottages; but, amid darkness and the snow-drift, no aid could be extended. The next morning a clean-picked skeleton was found in the snow. Every morsel of clothing, even, was gone, save the unwieldy sabots, gnawed in every direction, in which were still deposited the poor fellow's feet, which the wolves had been unable to get at.

Sometimes a particular wolf is known to haunt a district, perhaps for years—most probably a gray-haired, wily veteran, perfectly up to all the devices of the hunter, who can seldom get a shot at him. Bears flourish in the same fashion, and come to be so well known as to be honored with regular names in the country. One old bear of great size had taken up his head-quarters upon a range of hills forming a side of a ravine opening up from the valley of Ossan. He was called Dominique, probably after his fellow Bruin, who long went by the same appellation in the Jardin des Plantes, and was known to every Parisian.

The Pyrenean Dominique was a wily monster, who had long baffled all the address of his numerous pursuers; and, as his depredations were ordinarily confined to the occasional abstraction of a sheep or a goat, he long escaped the institution of a regular "hunt," the ordinary ending of a bear or wolf who manages to make himself particularly conspicuous. At length the people of the district got absolutely proud of Dominique. He was "the pride and pest of the parish," and might have been so yet, were it not that on one unlucky day he was casually espied by the *garde forestier*. This is a functionary whose duty it is to patrol the hills, taking note that the sheep are confined to their proper bounds on the pastures. The man had sat down to his dinner on a ledge of rock, when, looking over it, whom should he see but the famous Dominique, sunning himself on the bank below. The garde had a gun, and it was not in the heart of man to resist the temptation. He fired—Dominique got up on his hind legs, roaring grimly, when the contents of the second barrel stretched him on the earth. So great, however, was the garde's opinion of the prowess of his victim, that he kept loading and firing long after poor Dominique had quitted this mortal scene.

AGE AND WISDOM.

"People always fancy," says Goethe, laughing, "that we must become old to become wise; but, in truth, as years advance, it is hard to keep ourselves as wise as we were. Man becomes, indeed, in the different stages of his life, a different being; but he cannot say that he is a better one, and, in certain matters, he is as likely to be right in his twentieth as in his sixtieth year. We see the world one way from a plain, another way from the hights of a promontory, another from the glacier fields of the primary mountains. We see, from one of these points, a larger piece of world than from the other; but that is all, and we cannot say that we see more truly from any one than from the rest. When a writer leaves monuments on the different steps of his life, it is chiefly important that he should have an innate foundation and good will; that it should, at each step, have seen and felt clearly, and that, without any secondary aims, he should have said distinctly and truly what has passed in his mind. Then will his writings, if they were right in the step where they originated, remain always right, however the writer may develope or alter himself in after times."

LITTLE ELLIE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Darling little Ellie,
  Stout of heart and limb—
What, I often wonder,
  Will the future make of him.

Where will be the roses
  That make his cheeks so red,
When years with their temptations
  And trials shall have fled!

Stirring with the morning,
  As if he owned the farm;
On the floor at sunset,
  Sleeping on his arm.

Torn and faded jacket,
  Feet brown and bare,
Sunshine laughing in his eyes,
  And tangled in his hair.

In his little bucket
  Helping milk the cows—
Riding on the horses,
  Tumbling down the mows;

Wading in the water,
  Working mimic mills—
Chasing through the meadows,
  Rolling down the hills;

Making strings of elm-bark,
  Stealing mother's yarn—
All to see his kite fly
  Higher than the barn;

Planning, long aforetime,
  With ambitious pride,
How, when snow has fallen,
  He'll have a sled and ride.

Gravely puzzling over
  Each childish little plan—
Working, and tugging,
  And scheming like a man.

Now upon grandfather's knee,
  Listening with delight
To the stories that are new
  Every day and night.

Now, with joyous make-believe
  In despite his frown,
Turning chairs to railcars,
  And riding into town.

Ah, 'tis wisely well for us
  That we cannot see
What in years that are to come
  He will grow to be.

GRANDMAMMA'S STORY.

Once upon a time, half a dozen cousins were gathered together in a pleasant country house. They were all young girls, and had come, by invitation, to spend several weeks of autumn with their grandparents in their home. So long as the weather permitted lengthened rambles through the fields, and along the hillsides, and among the yellow, rustling leaves, and the mosses of the brown old woods, they had been merry and gay; but when a long autumn storm set in—when, day after day, the rain fell, and the wind soughed around the old house, they one and all succumbed to the drear influence.

There were frowns on white brows, and red lips pouted, and musical voices gained a fretful intonation. They exhausted very soon all the resources furnished by that old house for their amusement, all but books, and even their bright eyes would tire of poring over the most interesting volumes afforded by their grandfather's library. If there had only been something masculine to torment, their spirits would not have flagged. But, alas! save the dear old grandfather, his antiquated gardener, who was blind of an eye and lame of a leg, and a couple of awkward farm laborers, who were extremely shy of the young ladies, there was only femininity about the premises. Paradise would not have been beautiful to Eve without an Adam, and Rosedale, lovely as it was in lovely weather, lacked this charm to her daughters. Imagine, then, what it was when the equinoctial raged.

The girls were all gathered about the fire on that dreary afternoon. The early country dinner was over, the clouds had been consulted, but their leaden, expressionless visages returned no hopeful answer. Rain, rain, rain, now and then a gust of wind hurling the great drops and wet leaves against the window-pane, dripping, black trees, gravel walks turned into muddy water-courses, the doctor's gig, driven slowly along the miry road, with the doctor himself inside, wrapped in oil-cloth, and partly sheltered by a big, black umbrella—these were the sounds they heard, the sights they saw.

Within, the room would have looked cheerful, if aught, in that dun-colored atmosphere, could have worn a cheerful look. There was a pretty, bright carpet, pictures on the walls, luxurious chairs and lounges, books in plenty, and a blazing fire of wood upon the hearth. And, above all, there were six young faces, some fair, some dark, some beautiful, some only pretty, none quite plain, but all with that greatest of earthly charms, the freshness of early youth, still lingering about them.

The girls yawned and dawdled about, tried to sew and tried to read; watched the leaves and dried branches sailing along the miniature torrents that filled the garden walks, but one and all wore a discontented air, until the door opened and the grandmother entered. Then their faces lighted up, books and work were thrown aside, while they all surrounded this beloved friend.

One brought her chair near the fire, another arranged her footstool, another took up the dropped stitch in her knitting-work, and those who could find nothing useful to do caught her hands, or smoothed the white hair from her brow with caressing fingers.

"Oh, grandmamma, tell us a story," they all cried; "please tell us a story of the old times. Grandpapa is taking his afternoon nap, and we shall have plenty of time. Won't you, dear grandmamma?"

"And let it be a love-story, just for this once, grandmamma," pleaded little Rose Clifford, the youngest and prettiest of them all, and when she had uttered the words, she blushed, and hid her face behind her sister's arm.

Grandmamma smiled. Rose was her pet, and they all knew the child's request would be granted when she answered—

"Nay, never blush, Rosie. Love is the atmosphere in which woman's life expands. You are but coming to a dim recognition of your destiny."

Then grandmamma pondered, and they knew that she was fashioning, in her own mind, the scattered events of the story she would tell them. She seldom talked of love to them, so the treat would be greater. This grandmamma was slightly stately, and of the old school, and quite averse to filling "young girls' heads with notions."

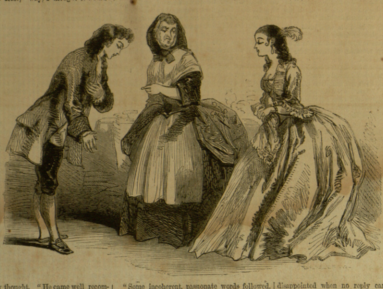
"Shall I tell you about my first lover?" she asked, at length. "Are you sure you will like to hear?"

"Oh, do, dear grandmamma," they all cried, "tell us how people made love in the days of hoops, and trains, and powder and buckles. Those old pictures look so stately, one cannot fancy such men and women undignified enough to fall in ove, and act as some modern lovers do;" and here the bright eyes were directed, an almost blinding battery, toward blushing Lucy May, the only one of all the cousins who had a veritable lover, and was engaged.

Grandmamma smiled again.

"The lover I shall tell you of," she said, in a voice wonderfully soft—a softness borrowed from the memories she recalled, as they afterwards knew, "was neither tall nor stately. He wore no powder in his fair hair, and only the plainest of steel buckles in his shoes. He was only our schoolmaster."

"A schoolmaster, grandma'—only a schoolmaster!" cried little Rose, "why, I thought it would surely be one of those splendid rebel officers, or maybe the British colonel, who wanted to carry you away to England as his bride. Ah, grandma', mamma has told me all those stories. I know that our dear, handsome grandma' was a great belle and beauty once."



This time grandma' blushed; she could not, even now, hear of her former beauty and triumphs untouched.

"He was only a schoolmaster," persisted grandmamma, after a pause, and a little proudly, as they thought. "He came well recommended to our minister, who, in turn, recommended him to the selectmen of our town, who were seeking a teacher. My father was one of the selectmen, and after they had agreed to hire Arthur Middleton, he invited him to make our house his home until he could please himself better. So it happened that the first roof under which Arthur Middleton dwelt in our town was my father's.

"I was not pleased when I heard that my father had brought us this guest. I had learned some grand airs at Boston, where I had been until just previous, at school; and I determined in advance to practice them upon the schoolmaster, so that if he were vulgar and presuming, he might at once be taught his proper place.

"My father had said that he was a poor student, the son of a widow, who had denied herself all but the bare necessaries of life to aid him in obtaining an education; that he had struggled through college, and was now seeking employment, to gain means to pursue the studies requisite for the profession he had chosen.

"I pictured to myself a pedantic fellow, unrefined as a natural result of his poverty and its associations, ignorant of the forms and usages of society—awkward, vulgar, and uncouth; and I determined that he should find himself placed at once, by my manner, at a most respectful distance from myself.

"I was greatly surprised then, when, on being summoned to tea on the evening of his arrival, I saw a slight, fair young man sitting beside my mother. He rose as I entered the room, and bowed timidly as he was presented by my mother, while a blush spread over his fair face, and he at once resumed his seat, covered, apparently, with confusion, and did not again address me during the meal. I congratulated myself upon the effect produced by the grand toilette, and grand manners, which I had assumed for the occasion.

"I had the unreasoning contempt of a very young girl for timid men, and I looked at him at first with not a little scorn. Nevertheless, I could not but see that he was very handsome—that his face was lighted up by intellect—that his person was graceful, and his manner, if lacking courtly polish, was deferential, and unmarked by awkwardness.

"Day by day we met, as the weeks passed on, by the fireside and at table, but our acquaintance did not progress. He would rise to place me a chair as I entered the room, would exchange with me the salutations of the day, and then relapse into silence. Sometimes he conversed with my parents, but oftener he pored over the books, which seemed his chosen companions.

"I had congratulated myself on the effect produced by my forbidding manner at first, but as the time wore on, and I found my growing graciousness did not thaw his reserve, I began to acknowledge to myself some discontent. His voice was singularly musical and soft, and I used to dwell upon its tones as he conversed with my mother, and wish he would speak to me, that I might more frequently listen to them. But he seldom noticed my presence, except by the almost involuntary courtesies I have mentioned; and I should almost have believed, at some cost to my vanity, that I—belle and beauty as I was even then—was disregarded by him, though only a poor schoolmaster, had I not sometimes caught his gaze fixed upon me as I suddenly raised my eyes from my book or work, with an expression of admiration which I was at no loss to understand.

"If by any chance, when gazing thus, his eyes met mine, they would fall at once, and blushing like a timid girl, he would turn away, and bury himself behind his book, or hasten from the room.

"I began to feel a strange attraction toward that part of the room where he usually sat by my mother's side in quietness, or reading or conversing with her, with the affectionate deference that his manner unconsciously assumed when near her. I began to listen for his return at evening, to distinguish his voice, low and sweet as it was, above all other sounds, though the room were filled with guests, to gather up his opinions, so modestly advanced as to seem only suggestions, to dwell with strange interest upon the fragments of his life-history, with all its hopes, and fears, and struggles, which he had unconsciously let fall.

"I softened my manner long ere this, and often entered into conversation when he was present. He would listen to my remarks with pleased attention, but seldom replied further than politeness required, and thus, in spite of all my efforts, our acquaintance made no progress. I was pained by this, though I scarcely knew why, for all the time I regarded myself as far superior to the poor schoolmaster; and so in social position I truly was, and I had yet to learn how the mind ennobles the man, how energy, and courage, and the will to dare and do all things are a nobler birth-right than an ancient name, or much riches.

"All this time I never dreamed that I loved him. I had given my feelings no name, and had scarcely been conscious of their growth. But a trifle enlightened me—one of those trifling acts that contain a world of meaning, a whole revelation.

"One day I returned from a long walk, wearied and exhausted. My mother sent for pillows, and made me recline upon the sofa in the cool summer parlor. There I fell asleep, and was only wakened by some one entering the room. Supposing it to be my mother, I lay still with closed eyes, and should probably have slumbered again, had not a low exclamation near me aroused me again,

"Some incoherent, passionate words followed. I opened my eyes and saw Arthur Middleton kneeling beside the sofa, my handkerchief and a bunch of wild flowers, which I had gathered during my ramble, and which had fallen from my hand while I slept, pressed to his lips. He was showering kisses upon these inanimate things, and uttering the wild words which thrilled my heart to hear.

"Then my own heart, in the full influx of its new joy, learned its first lesson in love. But with a mighty effort I controlled the passionate impulse which seized me, to sob out my joy upon the heart whose secret had thus been revealed to me. I closed my eyes again, and lay quite still while he stole gently from the room. The door closed softly, I was alone; and when I looked once more I saw that the flowers and the laced kerchief were gone also. I made no inquiry for them then, or afterward, for it pleased me much to know that they were treasured close to the heart of my unacknowledged lover.

"After that I looked for some change in Arthur's manner, but in vain. He lived amidst us quiet, timid, self-controlled as ever before. He spoke to me just as seldom. He looked at me no more frequently, and to an ordinary observer I, of all the household, would have seemed the one who least occupied his thoughts.

"At this time my cousin Lucy Gage came from Boston to visit me. She was a brilliant, dashing girl; men called her a coquette, for she flirted with all, and cared for none, while her insatiable vanity would let none slip from her toils.

"I did not like Lucy, and I wept when I learned that she was coming. Somehow, in spite of my blissful assurance of Arthur's love, and my confident expectation that it would some day be put into words, I trembled for the influence this unprincipled girl might acquire over one so unpractised in the ways of society. She was, perhaps, no handsomer than I, but she was more winning, more fascinating. She took all hearts by storm, and no warnings proved strong enough to fortify them against her assaults.

"The very hour she arrived she announced to me her purpose of winning the love of the 'little schoolmaster,' as she laughingly called him.

"'He is, truly, a pretty youth, Sarah,' she said, 'and it will afford me the pastime I need in this lonely place, to play upon his susceptible heart. He is new to the ways of women, I can see, and you shall behold now the power of beauty and grace upon one so unsophisticated. 'Twill be a good lesson for him, little coy, so mind you do nothing to interfere with my plans.'

"I could not promise this, though I saw no way in which my interference might avail, and I retired to rest that night with a weary pain at my heart, and a dim foreboding of misery.

"As the weeks of Lucy's stay passed on, my forebodings of misery seemed realized. She opened her whole battery of fascinations upon her doomed victim, from the first. She soon learned his tastes, and with wonderful tact she manifested her interest in his favorite pursuits. How she contrived to conceal her real ignorance I never knew, but she would sit whole evenings conversing with him upon the contents of his favorite books, and the beauties of his favorite authors, and he would lose all his timidity as he listened, and uttered the replies which she drew from him. He would look up into her beautiful eyes, with an expression of intense admiration from which I would turn away with a strange sickness of the heart.

"Sleep forsook my pillow, and peace was no longer my daily companion. I lost appetite, and my good mother, alarmed at my pallor and languid step, would fain have summoned the family physician to my aid. But I obstinately refused, and laughed at the idea of an indisposition to which I could give no name.

"How long this would have continued I know not. The struggle was undermining life and strength, though I was but dimly aware of the fact, even when I wildly prayed to die and not see the man I loved the dupe and victim of an artful woman. But one evening as I watched them, and saw Arthur's eyes fixed with that intense look of admiration upon Lucy's face, which I interpreted into an expression of passionate devotion, the room suddenly grew dark. Those luminous eyes starred the gloom for a moment, his voice, speaking low and soft to her, lingered in my ear, and then I sank into unconsciousness.

"Many hours passed ere I awoke. I lay in my bed in my darkened room, and heard voices whispering near me. I heard the doctor say:

"'Her frame has become much weakened from some cause I do not understand. Her brain has received a great shock. She will revive from this coma. But the least excitement will produce a relapse of the worst symptoms. As you value her life, let her be kept quiet.'

"I spoke feebly, and my mother and the doctor were instantly by my side. Both spoke kindly to me, and the doctor reiterated his orders for quiet. Then he gave me a soothing draught and went away.

"The draught failed of its effect. For hours I lay tossing in the wildest excitement of brain, while my mother prayed and entreated me to be quiet. I saw that she feared for life, or reason, and at length I promised quietness if first she would provide me with pencil and paper, and pledge herself to convey what I should write safely to its destination. She brought me the required articles, and when I had scrawled a few lines and directed them to Arthur Middleton, she took them from me with a well-pleased look. I could see that she was surprised, and yet I knew that her promise would be kept.

"I would not sleep until I knew that my message had been placed in Arthur's hands. Then, my mind relieved of its anxiety, I sank into a long and quiet slumber.

"At last I had summoned courage to give him the warning he needed. My duty was done, and with the expectation, almost the *hope*, of death before my eyes, I cared not for consequences. I was not disappointed when no reply came. I had expected and hoped for none. Neither was I surprised when, at the close of a week, Lucy suddenly returned to Boston. I was too feeble for emotion. I seemed, in the few weeks of repressed anxiety and almost mortal suffering through which I had passed, to have exhausted all the fountains of feeling.

"But this was not so. When I had slowly won my way back to life, when, in the early days of assured convalescence, my father brought Arthur Middleton to visit me, when my parents stole out and left us there alone, and I listened to his long-repressed words of love, and learned that, with their full approbation, he spoke to me, the tide of joy that flooded my whole being, showed truly that with life had come back the power of enjoying life's blessings.

"Arthur had scarcely needed my warning. He had truly learned to admire Lucy, he had been fascinated by her arts, but, through all, his heart had been true to its allegiance. My sudden illness had opened his eyes, his heart's intuitions had whispered its cause, even before my note, carefully worded as it was, came as a confirmation of hopes he hardly dared accept. From that hour he forgot all but me, and when he laid the hopes he scarcely dared acknowledge before my parents, he was surprised, as much as rejoiced, to find that his suit was favorably received.

"I was very happy, girls—happy to enter upon the long years of waiting that were before me.

"Arthur was but a poor school-master, and he was determined to win his way to independence before he took upon himself the responsibilities of domestic life. He refused all assistance and struggled on nobly, but five years passed away before he came to claim me as his wife. Forty more have gone into the past since that day, and never yet have I seen cause to regret the hour that I gave my heart into the school-master's keeping. I only hope, my dears, that when your destiny presents itself to you, it will prove as happy as mine has been."

"And was that grandpapa you have been telling us about?" asked little Rose.

"Was he your first lover, and were you never sorry, during the long engagement, that you had accepted him?" asked Lucy, the fiancee.

"And is it really true that grandpapa was ever a poor school-master?" chimed the chorus of voices.

Grandmamma smiled, and answered yes and no, as truth required, to all these questions, and after thanking her for the story, the girls withdrew into groups to discuss it in all its bearings. And so the long, rainy afternoon wore away, amidst much sage moralizing from those young philosophers, drawing data from the experience of others to be contradicted, perchance, by that which in the future should come to them.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALBANIAN.—Corns are sometimes very obstinate in resisting all applications made to remove them. Perhaps the tight or ill-fitting shoes have not been discarded; in that case, a cure is impossible. A correspondent has favored us with the following method to assuage the torture corns inflict: Bathe the feet about every three weeks in water as hot as you can bear it for five minutes; the hot water relieves the feet from the painful throbbing, and prepares them so that a sharp penknife may be pretty freely applied; care must be taken not to cut too deep, so as to make them bleed. This remedy, if it fail to exterminate the corns, will yet materially lessen the pain they occasion. Another correspondent says, that a piece of clean writing paper put between the toes, and changed whenever it begins to feel uneasy, is a certain cure for *soft corns*, and that in a few days. Another says, try a piece of lint.

ADDISON L.—The best mode of learning any language, is simply to make yourself familiar with the idioms and the syntax for a foundation, and then write, read, or speak it as much as possible. We have paid little attention to particular systems of teaching. We believe them to be all somewhat quackish in their pretensions. There is no royal road to the acquisition of a language in six lessons, or even a hundred. Moreover, it is not enough to go through the syntax once, as the boys at school go through the arithmetic and the book-keeping. You must go through it again and again, till it becomes quite familiar. If a young man would only resolve to go carefully through the syntax of the French language once a month for one year, meanwhile reading, writing, and increasing his vocabulary; it is astonishing how much might be learned in that time. But resolution generally gives way.

TECUMSEH.—You must apply at the pawnbroker's personally for your watch, as you have no ticket for it. If he will not give it up, apply to a magistrate at once, and get out a warrant for him. As you were so foolish as to leave the watch without taking a ticket, you had better put the matter in the hands of a good lawyer, else the pawnbroker may get the better of you.

AN OLD MAN.—It is not necessary to have your will drawn by a lawyer, but if a person wishes to involve his family in endless litigation after his decease, he cannot do so much more effectually than to draw his own will, or get some one to do it who knows no more about it than he does himself.

B. B. B.—You could probably recover damages by instituting a suit against the offender; but before doing so you would do well to consider whether the publicity would not injure your own prospects for the future.

CIGARS.—There is probably from $3,000 to $4,000 worth of cigars smoked daily in this city.

C. B. L.—You will not be very apt to err on the side of thoroughness in the education of your boys. Your uncle is wrong in his wholesale condemnation of mathematics, and especially of geometry. He is evidently not a safe guide either for you or your sons. Every authority on the subject of education contends that geometry should always form a part of a liberal course of studies. It has its direct uses and its indirect. It is of great importance for the improvement of mechanics and the arts of life. It is essential to the just mastery of astronomy and various other eminent sciences. But its indirect uses are perhaps of more worth than its direct. It cultivates the powers of the mind, and generates the most excellent habits; it eminently conduces to the making man a rational being, and accustoms him to a closeness of deduction that is not easily made the dupe of ambiguity; and carries on an eternal war against prejudice and imposition. The assistances which human invention has furnished for our powers, are essential subjects of education in civilized societies. This is the reason we have ever recommended that children be made acquainted early with the mechanic arts. These arts are the subjects of drawings and treatises, which, in a proper method of education, become at once amusing, interesting and instructive, at the same time captivating the fancy of the pupil and chaining him to his studies, while they develope and strengthen his intellectual powers to a degree which can be done by no other pursuit.

AMY FRANKLIN.—The strongest love is often the most reserved and reverential, and makes the fewest professions. Absence does not diminish it, but increases it. Indeed, frequent and long meetings are destructive to love, the romance of which depends chiefly upon the imaginative faculty, unless there be a close and intimate communion of minds and talents, which is seldom the case. Thus parties who can sing together may spend long hours in peace, till they have satiated their musical passion; or parties who can converse freely together—a rare conjunction—may find hours too short to say all that they have to say. But where speech is difficult, and there are no agreeable stories to tell, no sweet things to say, or no pretty nonsense to talk, or songs to sing, then short meetings are always best, for such minds are better fitted for general than individual society. Most minds are, and it is wisely so ordained, for if individual communion were more perfect, sociality would be less encouraged. Therefore, as Dogberry says, absence is favorable to romantic love. We like Amy for loving a poor man with whom she would lower her position in society; that is, supposing the man to compensate in rank of mind and manners for want of rank in pocket. But no woman should voluntarily sink in both.

E. H. M.—Of course it would not be undignified for you to master your husband's business so as to assist him therein. On the contrary, it would be a highly commendable and prudential course for you to pursue. Indeed, the only satisfactory apology which can be made for transferring the management of children, or the care of the household to others, is a devotion of that time, which would otherwise be their due, to some means of procuring resources to maintain them. There are many lines of business in which a wife is capable of assisting her husband, and wherever a man follows an occupation that can possibly be transacted by a woman, it is a precaution of prudence against the accident of his death, to instruct his wife in the secrets of his profession; even should the ease of his circumstances preclude the necessity of her taking an active part in it during his life.

TWO AFFLICTED SISTERS write us that their parents have taken a mortal dislike to their betrothed lovers, and will not let them have any communication with them whatever. Moreover, the "afflicted sisters" are a part of the time kept under lock and key, and otherwise treated with unprovoked harshness. The question is, What shall they do? Shall they elope, as the lovers wish them to do? No. Wait until you can conciliate your parents. If, however, they should not become conciliated before you arrive at your majority, you would *then* be justified in marrying against their consent. If your lovers are of the right sort, they will of course wait until you shall become of age.

G. S. J.—From your own statement the poor girl has been more sinned against than sinning, and your share in her debasement was far from being either a manly or an honorable act. You owe her some reparation, and we should advise you to make it by maintaining a profound silence, and abandoning her society altogether. If you were a man of pure, strong feeling, you might marry and be happy; but as your letter betrays in you a moral weakness, we should advise you to break off the connection immediately. A weak-minded man neither forgets nor forgives; and his memory, in a case like this, is continually haunted by some dreadful reminiscence.

DOMESTICUS.—If the girl is the good and prudent creature you describe, and under the mask of honorable courtship you have won her affections, we unhesitatingly say that you are in honor bound to make her your wife. The anger of a parent is certainly a serious thing, and there are few circumstances which can justify a son in braving it. But as you are of a mature age, you are not only entitled to judge for yourself, but it is your duty so to do. The unexplainable whim of a parent should not be permitted to weigh against your own and your betrothed's lasting happiness. With time, your mother will most probably relent.

A PERPLEXED LADY complains that, although fond of dancing, she can never get a partner. She is not ugly or unpleasing in manners, but verging on the middle age. That *last* is the secret of the neglect. Youth takes the precedence of worth in all affairs of merriment, and it is natural it should do so. A bright eye, and elastic step, are irresistible attractions to young men; and the only hint we can give our fair correspondent is, to be as witty and amiable as she can, and select a *partner for life* who will cheer her at home, and be proud to lead her through the mazy dance abroad.

WILLIAM F. L.—If a gentleman at a party meets a lady to whom he was previously a stranger, and afterwards sees her in the street, he is not allowed, by the rules of etiquette, to address her unless she bows first, and then the gentleman is permitted to pay his compliments. It is the duty of the lady to notice the gentleman first, if she wishes to continue the acquaintance, but he must not attempt, by stopping, to prevail upon her to converse, unless she hesitates or pauses, as if she intended to speak.

A WRETCHED WIFE has been married five years, and, notwithstanding her love for her husband, and her doing all she can to make him comfortable, he will persist in going to public saloons, taverns, and other similar places, every night, and stay until a late hour. She must persevere in her laudable efforts to reclaim her truant and dissipated spouse, and, above all, refrain from scolding, harshness, and upbraiding. One loving word will lead a man (or woman) a mile, while twenty blows or curses will not make him budge an inch.

MADISON SQUARE.—We cannot accommodate your cousin's love-sorrows with a place in our columns. He had better not "roam" but "stick to his native home." His muse is as saccharine and adhesive as molasses candy, and his inspiration must have been drawn from that celebrated fountain whose waters are too weak to run down hill. If he wishes to realize his matrimonial aspirations, he must be, as Shakespeare says, "a jolly, thriving wooer," and not a love-sick boy just "frae his mammy."

A SUFFERER.—To cure the toothache. We have known the following very simple application to remove this distressing pain in a few minutes. Take two small slips of brown paper, and cover one side of each with newly-made mustard, place the two sides so covered together, and insert them in the mouth on the outside of the tooth affected. The mustard, like creosote, creates a counter irritation, and so in time either mitigates or destroys the pain.

DUBUQUE.—Don't be alarmed, for unless the antecedents be more serious the young lady will never insist upon your fulfilling your rash promise. Young men, even when in a state of excitement, are not justified in sporting with the feelings of others, and making them the talk of a country fireside. In the present instance we trust the young lady will have more respect for herself than to take heed of a vow, or rather, a vain-glorious boast made in a moment of inebriety.

GIBRALTER.—It is impossible to foretell what will be the general details of the horrible contest at present raging in India. It is certain that the British Government will ultimately triumph, but how many thousands of lives will have first to be sacrificed, and how many millions of treasure will be necessarily expended in the contest, no human being can predict.

P. C. M.—No doubt that Roland, Oliver, and other warriors of the olden time, were very good fellows considering their limited advantages, but they by no means deserved the raptures into which you have fallen concerning them. We in one year do more good than the whole of them effected during their lives.

ANXIETY.—You should at once apply to a physician. Should we prescribe for you, our advice might be followed by others whose cases would not be just the same as yours, though similar, and thereby do a fatal injury to their constitutions. Do not be penny wise and pound foolish, but consult a regular medical practitioner as soon as possible.

ALEXANDER.—It would be better not to encourage your son's habit of running to you with complaints against his schoolfellows and playmates. Tell him to take care of himself and fight his own way through the difficulties of boyhood, that he may be prepared to conquer those of manhood.

A LADY READER.—The scamp deserves to be punished; but as he has no property, the costs of a suit for breach of promise would fall upon yourself; so you will have to content yourself with despising and then forgetting him.

EMMA.—Queen Victoria has no surname. In law, she is only known and addressed as "Victoria, by the grace of God Queen of Great Britain and Ireland."

E. J. D.—The majority of the pipes sold here as meerschaums are made in this country, and we have no doubt they are good as those made in Germany.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*